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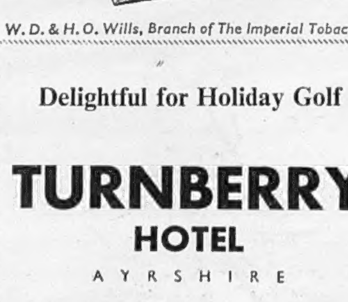

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1953

IF WINTER COMES . . .

. . . *can Spring be far behind?* wrote Shelley, and certainly the vitally alive and lovely girl in this picture fills her grey surroundings with light and laughter like the spirit of Spring itself. It was obviously this very quality of vivacity and thorough enjoyment which won this photograph the title of the Best Feature Picture of 1952 in the fifth annual competition organised by the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

"BUSHY" . . . By Hargrave

"LOVE FROM JUDY"

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

"TWO things," say the French, with their admirable cynicism, "no man could avoid are death and the Legion of Honour." This is perhaps not the most tactful way of introducing those of one's friends who are now the recipients of New Year Honours, but I find it too good to avoid.

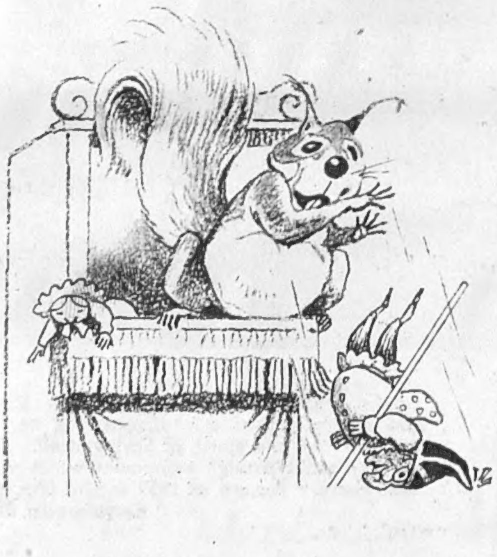
In fact, no honour could be better deserved than, for example, the knighthood conferred on my old friend and former Colleague Stephen Pierssene, the General Director of the Conservative Central Office. Only those who saw him at work at close quarters in the early years of Lord Woolton's reorganisation of the Party can have any idea of the sheer hard work which Stephen put in in those difficult times. His private recreation is cricket and everything pertaining to it, and his only vice, as far as I know, pipe-smoking. Stephen was originally a regular soldier, and attempted for a fortnight to give up his pipe. At the end of that time all the officers under his command sent him a "round robin" begging him to take up pipe-smoking again, as this most equable tempered man had become, I am told, quite intolerable! I believe that he could tell you the batting average of every first-class cricketer back to Grace.

This is, however, only one facet of his remarkable head for figures. It was his habit to put a forecast of the voting in every by-election into an envelope three or four days beforehand. I do not believe that he was ever more than 1000 votes out.

Another new knight whose honour has delighted me is Victor Raikes, one of those back-benchers who, not giving a damn for anybody, preserve what little is left of the declining prestige of Parliament in this age of professional politicians and dumb lobby-fodder. Victor is one of the best speakers I know, tempering serious moral purpose with a delightful sense of humour. This got him into a bit of trouble, you may recall, when he drew attention to the superior romantic possibilities of Italian as compared with our native coal-miners, the subsequent row revealing once again that as a race the British, or certainly the Left-wing part of it, have little sense of humour.

This was shown also over the ludicrous pother when Lord Mancroft referred to M.P.s "larking about with Bessie Braddock and the girls." Stormont Mancroft, incidentally, should be back at work by the time this appears after his unpleasant few weeks in hospital, and his extremely painful operation. In common with all his friends, I was delighted to see that he had been made a junior Minister, but as one who feels that there cannot be too many independent outspoken people with guts who don't give a damn, I deplore the fact that his ministerial duties will go as far as anything could to muzzling this admirable and witty young peer.

I WAS meditating on admirable hoaxes, such as the late Horace de Vere Cole's inspection of the Fleet as the Sultan of Zanzibar, when I ran into an old friend—that delightful writer, Mr. George Edinger. George was, of course, responsible for one of the best hoaxes of all time. After being demobbed in World War I, George went up to Oxford. There appeared posters all over the city announcing that on a certain date Dr. Emil Büsch, the noted Viennese psycho-analyst, would give a lecture in the Town



Hall, on the subject: "Forward from Freud." George appeared, and talked complete nonsense in the pseudo-scientific jargon of that peculiar department of mumbo-jumbo for an hour. A later Vice-Chancellor of the University proposed a vote of thanks, which was seconded, I am glad to say, by the late Lord Lindsay of Berker, then Master of Balliol. It was not until three days later that the secret leaked out in the London Press.

Like many geniuses, George is delightfully vague. This enabled him on one occasion during the recent fracas to capture a small town in Normandy. George was then a naval correspondent—dressed somewhat remarkably in gaiters, riding breeches, battle-dress tunic and a beret with a foul-anchor badge. A British unit was engaged in that most expensive (in terms of casualties) operation—winkling the enemy out of a town in house-to-house fighting. Suddenly, 200 yards ahead of the most advanced troops, and behind the German defenders, George Edinger appeared with an ice-cream cone in his hand. Standing in the middle of the street he shouted: "I say, hurry up, you chaps. They are perfectly delightful!" The Germans, finding themselves taken in the rear by this ice-cream-loving apparition, promptly surrendered, and the town was taken without further casualties!

GASTRO — LYRICS

By Justin Richardson

★

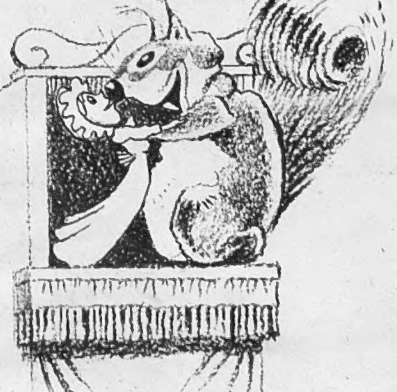
Jambon Braisé au Madeire

Ham, with madeira,
sherry too . . .
Some folks like jambon
it, they do.

WHEN Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, the First Lord of the Admiralty, recently celebrated his twenty-first anniversary as Member of Parliament for Hereford, his grateful constituents presented him with a very nice motor-car. (I understand that there is, alas, no danger of a "Nixon case" arising out of this. The spectacle of the First Lord burying his head on Mr. Winston Churchill's shoulder and bursting into tears after a television "explanation" would be, to say the least, not unamusing!)

Jim Thomas is one of the most delightful people in politics. I cannot believe that he has any personal enemies, as a wittier, more amusing or kinder person it would be difficult to imagine. I am told, too, that as First Lord he is an unqualified success. Certainly he is lavishing a great deal of care and attention on Admiralty House—that most desirable of all official residences.

His exquisite official tact was, however, severely tested a little while ago. There was a naval occasion in some South Coast town at which the Mayor was present, and every retired Admiral for three counties. Jim was talking to two of them when he suddenly received a tremendous thwack on the back. A voice said: "Hullo, you old so-and-so. Why didn't you come to the party the other night?" The speaker was a young lieutenant-commander who, when Jim said that he could not remember anything about a party, replied heartily: "If you can't remember, then you were even tighter than I thought you were."



As the conversation went on, however, it suddenly dawned on the young man that he was making a mistake. Turning white, he said: "Oh sorry! you are not the right chap." Then, turning green, he added: "Oh, my God. You are the First Lord!"

However, Jim with his charm saw to it that the whole thing was laughed off, but I rather suspect that the incident will remain that lieutenant-commander's own particular "pillow bite" for the rest of his life.

I AM a great collector of enigmatic headlines, and have therefore been charmed recently to come across on the same day: "Fowl-Hunter Found Shot" and "Died Playing Dominoes"—a furious sport which, of course, nobody with a dicky heart should attempt.

I gratefully place them alongside the delightful wartime heading (I deliberately did not read the rest of the story) which ran: "General at Bay in a Volcano!"

I WAS somewhat startled to read in a recent edition of the Indian daily, *Hindu*—among the usual headlines (U.N. Assembly Adjourns . . . Cabinet Crisis in France . . . Nehru on Aim of Five-Year Plan) such as distinguish modern journalism in both hemispheres and all five continents—a short paragraph headed: Merchant Killed by Lions. Now this startled me for two reasons. In the first place, although I was born in India—a fact which apparently was sufficient to reduce me, after the recent war, together with a large and honourable company of famous British public servants, to the level of a displaced person—I had always imagined that lions, apart from the maneless lions of Kathiawar State, were non-existent in India. Yet this unfortunate merchant, travelling on his lawful commercial occasions along the road near Junagadh, was set upon and slaughtered by two lions.

In the second place, my imagination was stirred by the thought of the hazards encountered by this merchant. It took me back to the days when merchant adventurers were real adventurers, and when risks were not confined to "risk capital." I considered the merchants of my acquaintance, and failed to visualise them, as they pursued their well-trodden ways to the City of London, beset by lions. But in the end I took heart. Several of them, I reflected, were men of a tougher age, who were disinclined to stand any nonsense. Very probably the paragraph would have had to read: Lions Killed by Merchant.

Talking of headlines, *The Times*, when in roguish mood, is quite incomparable. I wonder if any readers missed the Old Lady's current contribution to a Bright New Year:

Strange Accidents in Opera.

Mr. Midgley Swallows the Duke's Moustache.

SOME twenty-five years ago I remember discovering in a certain room annexed to the gun-room of a Gloucestershire country house a little book called *The Specialist*, which I now see has come back into popularity with a new generation.

Just after having re-read *The Specialist*, I was not unpleased to be told the following story about a Middle-Western farmer, who said to his son: "Son, did you push the privy into the river last night?"

The son denied the accusation, and the farmer, having, as a good modern American Middle-Western father, read all the principal works on child psychology, although he suspected that his son was guilty, slept on it.

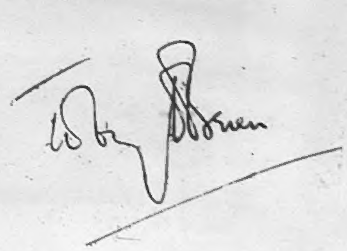
Next day he sent for his son, and he said: "When George Washington cut down his father's favourite cherry-tree with his little axe, his father sent for him and said: 'Son, did you cut down my favourite cherry-tree?' To which George Washington replied: 'Father, I did it, for I cannot tell a lie.' Now, George Washington's father, so far from chastising him or punishing him in any way, commended George Washington for his truthfulness. . . Now, son, having told you that story, did you, or did you not, push the privy into the river?"

The son said: "Father, I did it, for I cannot tell a lie."

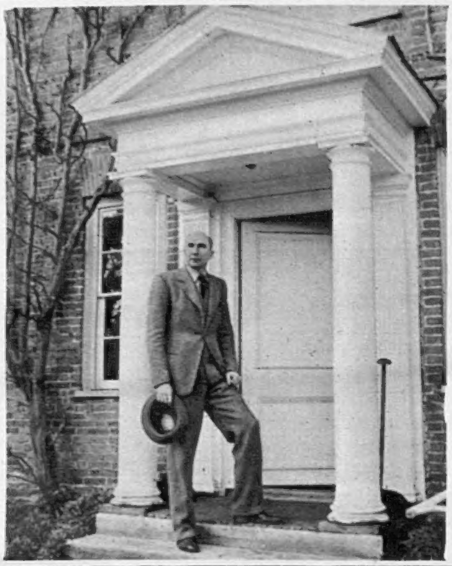
Whereupon the father seized his son by the coat-collar, whipped off his belt and beat the bejazus out of him.

"But Father! Father!" yelled the boy, squirming at the length of his father's arm, "George Washington's father did not do this to him."

"No, son, but George Washington's father warn't up the cherry-tree at the time."



OUR NEW AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES



Before Sir Roger Makins left to take over the British Embassy at Washington, he enjoyed a week-end at Sherfield Court, his home near Basingstoke, with his family. His appointment has been a specially happy one for attractive Lady Makins, as she was born in Washington and met Sir Roger when he was Third Secretary at the Embassy he now takes over. The two youngest children — twenty-months-old symbolically-named Dwight, and seven-year-old Patricia—accompanied their parents, while Christopher, ten, and Virginia, fourteen, will visit them during school holidays. Mollie and Cynthia, seventeen-year-old twins, will join the family in Washington when their secretarial course ends in the summer. *Above:* The happy family group. *Centre:* Sir Roger on the threshold of Sherfield Court. *Below:* Christopher's model railway as the centre of attraction.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Bassano.

Youth and Beauty

MISS FIONA CAMPBELL-WALTER

Fiona is the lovely and talented daughter of Captain Keith McNeil Campbell-Walter, R.N., and Mrs. Campbell-Walter, of Carlisle Place, S.W.1, and granddaughter of the late Sir Edward Campbell of Airds Bay. At twenty, Miss Campbell-Walter is a successful fashion model, but still finds time for her favourite hobbies—riding, painting and playing the piano—and for enjoying a happy family life with her younger sister and twin eleven-year-old brothers.

Against a background formed by a beautiful tapestry—the Belgian Envoy's favourite of ten he brought to the Embassy—Their Excellencies entertain a visitor. Waiting upon them is diplomatic London's most celebrated butler, "the" James, who has been nearly twenty-two years at No. 36, Belgrave Square.

The Ambassador, who has collected choice china and glass in a dozen capitals, is proud of the Travelling Tailor, a Meissen bought in Prague before the last war.

The World's Envoys to the Court of Queen Elizabeth

I.—VICOMTE OBERT DE THIEUSIES

(Ambassador for Belgium)

NERVOUS Envoys newly-appointed to the undisputed Mecca of Diplomacy, the Court of Queen Elizabeth, are promptly "comforted" and guided to safety by the vice-doyen of the Corps Diplomatique in London, his Excellency the Vicomte Obert de Thieusies, Belgium's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary since 1946. This highly-popular Ambassador must be the least self-conscious of personages of top rank, and is wholly at ease in the society of politicians and statesmen, hunting men and dowagers and that scintillating colony that seems to know everything of note hours or weeks before the rest of the world.

His English is that of a "native," for he learned it at Stonyhurst, en route for a doctorate in law and a career distinguished for honesty and candour. His career has been singularly varied, too. In Belgrade he heard the shells that "opened" the First World War, and he was there again when the Nazis announced war in April 1941 by setting Belgrade on fire, with a massacre of Sunday churchgoers.

In 1912 he was posted as Secretary of Legation to regal Madrid. Then began a tour of the Balkans, followed by a stay in Rio de Janeiro. Later, in Paris, he was promoted Minister and married the fair-haired and fabulous beauty, Jolanda, whose father was the Italian Ambassador, Baron Romano-Avezzana. Born in Pekin, her Excellency travelled with her parents and later with her husband, in Japan and many other countries. The lovely Vicomtesse, who has an uncanny memory for names, attends four or five receptions every day at the height of the season, and gives or accepts hospitality every midday and in the evenings.

From Paris, his Excellency went to Tangier as Consul-General, thence to Prague and later to Belgrade, in both places as head of a mission. In 1941 he assumed vital responsibilities in London for the Belgian Government, heading many missions before his selection for the honour of what has proved a superb example of outstanding Ambassadorship in exceptionally difficult circumstances. Now he occupies a special corner of goodwill with Britain's wage-earning tourists, as envoy of the State most popular with those holidaying abroad for the first time.

A keen golfer, a lover of speed and a celebrated shot—the Ambassador has a host of trophies in various corners of the residence—he still finds time to read deeply and to keep up to date with solemn or seemingly light gossip in sharp, erudite exchanges at the Athenæum, Beefsteak, Turf, the Travellers' and Royal Thames Yacht Clubs.

Now and then, when his duties and the weather permit, he escapes for a quiet walk in Richmond with his three sons, or for a talk in the Embassy with some of his many friends over an English tea—while his charming wife, girlishly slim and as young in spirit as any of the boys, rows on the Serpentine or plays a strenuous set or two on the Belgrave Square private tennis courts. And late at night? There is the homely inquest on the day's affairs—the busy Chancery, the luncheon, receptions, dinner-party, the play, an art exhibition, a cinema première, or talk of not-so-distant, vibrant, never-slumbering Brussels. Truly a pace possible only to the young in heart.

Vicomtesse Obert de Thieusies often telephones to Brussels to have meats, fruit and flowers flown over to London for her justly-renowned dinner-parties. Here she consults with Chef Le Peltier, who has been at the Embassy for fourteen years.

Standing before a portrait of Leopold II., Their Excellencies look down from the delightful staircase which was used in the last century by Queen Victoria's mother, the Duchess of Kent, who paid an annual rent for this house of £1,500.

In the library, "conference room" of visiting statesmen and politicians, his Excellency lovingly displays some of the Bohemian glass he has gathered on his travels.

Brave service preceded the appointments of Maj. Aviateur Jacques Pastur, D.F.C., Air Attaché, Capitaine-Commandant Georges G. Cuissart de Grelle, Assistant Military Attaché, and Lieut.-Colonel E. Delelienne, Military Attaché.

AROUND TOWN ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

with Theo von Roth

DID anyone who spent New Year's Eve in London not sense that completely different, much happier, brighter and more hopeful atmosphere which prevailed throughout the city ? Wherever it was, in the great hotels, the night clubs, restaurants, bars and even at the humbler yet no less joyous street celebrations, a spirit of excitement and expectancy was in the air—for this was the dawn of Coronation Year, the beginning of a new era in the history of our Commonwealth and Empire.

Pipers of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, now at Victoria Barracks, Windsor, stole the show for heralding the New Year. With the exception of the May Fair Hotel, where Royal Marine buglers performed that duty, they did so at the Berkeley, Claridge's, the Dorchester and at the Savoy.

Robert Clarke (son of the M.P. for East Grinstead), who claims to be the champion shot of Sussex, was longing to try out his skill at the Savoy on the 4000 balloons suspended from the ceiling before they came down at midnight. Sir Thomas and Lady Cook, Val Gielgud and Sir Frederick Handley-Page were among the 850 who enjoyed the six-course dinner rounded-off with Pêche Glacée Pompadour, an ice-cream replica of that French Royal mistress looking for all the world like a Dresden figure.

Rosalind Fox was my first hostess of the evening in a gaily-decorated Moorish setting at her unusual home in Chelsea, part of which she now runs as the *El Patio* Club. Most of her guests were in fancy dress ready for the Chelsea Arts Ball, where Rosalind, herself dressed as a Berber Princess (I believe she is the only English woman to have lived in harems whilst travelling in Morocco), had taken three boxes for her friends. Her son John accompanied her as favourite slave—complete with fez and dagger.

In my eagerness to get around London speedily and to miss as little as possible, I mistook the address on an invitation card and arrived at the same number in another Square—the newly-rebuilt and cleverly-decorated flat of Lord and Lady Eliot, who were dining quietly prior to expecting a few friends. Although I was most certainly not expected, Nicky Eliot insisted that I should eat with them, or have a drink at least. I have since heard that others made the same mistake and the Eliots involuntarily, though, it was quite evident by no means unwillingly, became hosts to many more than they had expected.

Are magic carpets not a myth ? How else could it be explained that a large house in Belgrave Square could be completely bare and empty in the afternoon and newly furnished and prepared the same evening for a most successful New Year's Ball that Mme. Zufilcar, who had signed the lease for the house that day, and Lady Paston-Bedingfeld gave there jointly ?

There was no time for curtains, but the large windows were cleverly bedecked with seasonable flowers and leaves which blended so well with the rest of the decorations that few would have guessed the truth. To describe the buffet-supper would make a story in itself, for Mme. Zufilcar produced marvels. There was a greater variety of dishes than I have seen anywhere else—Cherkessya, a mixture of nutcream and cheese, Dolma in wine-leaves with rice, turkey in Egyptian rice, grouse prepared in wine, and Profiterole, which to me appeared like a mountain of small éclairs richly covered with lashings of liquid chocolate and cream.

Sir James and Lady Bowker were there; Mrs. John Siddeley wore a black organza gown with a black faille evening coat lined with "shocking pink" designed by her husband, Lord Kenilworth's only grandson, who does it as a hobby; the Belgian Ambassador came in from his Embassy next door and other early arrivals were the Lebanese Minister and his sister; Mlle. Khouri, Mr. "Chips" Channon, the M.P., Mrs. Jessica Cornelius and Lord Abinger. Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft only arrived after midnight, having seen the New Year in with her husband at home, where he is in bed with a slipped disc. Her magnificent gown was over 100 years old and had been designed by Felix, of Paris, in 1830 for her grandmother.

At Ciro's it was well-nigh impossible to move about, but I did catch a glimpse of Lord and Lady Savernake on the dance floor. The picture was much the same the other side of Leicester Square at the Café de Paris, where nine pretty girls walked down the imposing staircase carrying the greeting, "Happy New Year 1953!", after midnight had been struck on an old ship's bell.

Shortly before midnight vast crowds collected in Piccadilly and Trafalgar Square—the noise and excitement reached a climax at midnight when fireworks were let off, balloons were released and people of all nations joined hands for "Auld Lang Syne."

I saw the New Year in at the Berkeley with John Slesinger, who is now a member of the Metal Exchange in the City. He had Diana Morley-Kennerley, attractive Sally Wilson and Robert Brooks among his guests. At another table were Mr. and Mrs. David Trehearne, who had flown back from Cannes to celebrate New Year.

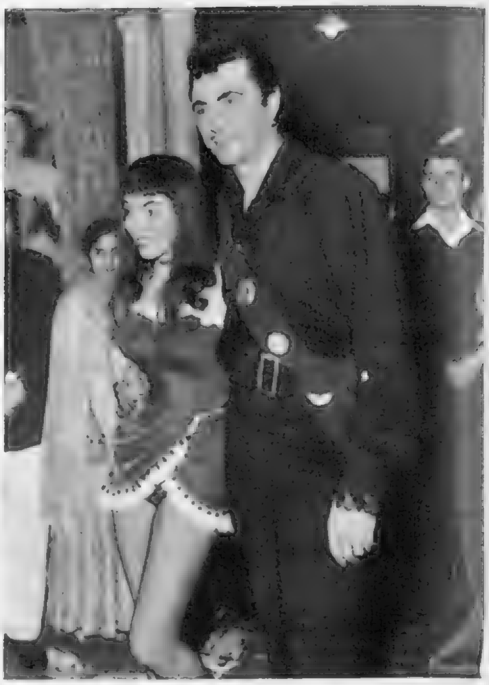
Claridge's always remains apparently unassailed by the outside world, and I practically tiptoed into the dining-room. There I found Lady Claud Hamilton with the Geogardis and the Bergottis, wealthy Greek ship-owning families. The Suenson-Taylors had split up for the evening; Sir Alfred and his wife entertained one party, whilst their son Irwin was at another table with some friends. Lady Newborough was there, dressed in grey organdie over which she wore rich white furs.

It was a different story at the recently-opened Casanova Club, run by Rico Dajou and his lovely wife Rosalie. Here was a truly Continental carnival spirit. Lord and Lady Tarbat seemed to enjoy throwing gay streamers across the room. Earlier the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, dressed as a clown and a pierette had dined there with his brothers, Lord John and Lord Roger Manners, before going on to the Chelsea Arts Ball.

Grosvenor House made exceptional efforts towards impressing the national importance of 1953 on their guests. Two Elizabethan heralds entered at midnight, followed by Grace Nevern, the singer, dressed as the first Queen Elizabeth. She announced the new Elizabethan era and sang "There 'll Always be an England," after which the curtains behind the bandstand were raised on a replica of the Imperial State Crown in lights.

The display at the Dorchester, equally effective, had a more modernistic trend. The lights went out at midnight and "Happy New Year" was flashed through the ballroom in lights, together with a picture of her Majesty on the balcony of Buckingham Palace.

There was revelry and gaiety amongst all with whom I spoke that New Year's Eve—all, that is, but one. He was Michael Ritchie, 2nd Battalion Grenadiers, who was officer of the guard at the Bank of England for the night.



Arriving at the Albert Hall to join the thousands celebrating the New Year at the Chelsea Arts Ball are film-stars Joan Collins and Maxwell Reed.

Gaily dancing the New Year in at the Hurlingham Club's New Year's Eve Ball at the London Club House are Miss Susan Tress and Mr. Tony Dixon-Green.

Rosina Raisbeck, celebrated Australian soprano, and ballet dancer Anton Dolin toast the New Year at the New Year's Eve Ball at the Royal Festival Hall.

At Home to "The Sketch"

VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS TARBAT AND THE HON. JOHN MACKENZIE

Our photographs were taken at the Tarbats' attractive little house in Yeoman's Row, S.W.3. Lord Tarbat is heir to the Earldom of Cromartie through his mother, Countess of Cromartie in her own right, and his Scottish seat is lovely Castle Leod, Strathpeffer. He has two daughters by his first marriage: the Hon. Julia Blunt-Mackenzie, who was a 1952 debutante, and the Hon. Gilean Blunt-Mackenzie, who is two years younger. The Hon. John Mackenzie, now aged four, is just at the right age to display the family tartan in his smart little kilt.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by W. J. Pilkington.

OUR BOOKSHELF

RECOLLECTION OF A JOURNEY. By R. C. Hutchinson. (*Cassell ; 15s.*)
THE CARDBOARD CROWN. By Martin Boyd. (*Cresset Press ; 10s. 6d.*)
ARNOLD BENNETT. By Reginald Pound. (*Heinemann ; 21s.*)
PROMPT COPY. By Jean Webster-Brough. (*Hutchinson ; 15s.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THE sufferings of the people of Poland have provided themes for English novelists since 1939, as they did before 1914, but no one has brought them home to us with more insight and sympathy than Mr. R. C. Hutchinson in *Recollection of a Journey*. His gift of realism, his faculty for making the reader almost believe that he must have been there : must have made the terrible journey he describes, is uncanny. His story is of a Polish family caught between the two invasions of their country, first German, then Russian. The author exacts no false sympathy for his characters by making the Kolbecks people of any particular heroism ; indeed, seen before their tribulations begin, they are somewhat arrogant and selfish aristocrats and landowners. But as they face, without fully understanding them, the fearful powers which fall like darkness on their life and suffer their first humiliations, then all the cruelty and mercilessness with which the forces of brute power try to kill their souls, we see them as upholding the pitiful torn shreds of individualism. They survive, some of them, as men must survive all attempts, however fiendishly effective, to crush their spirits between the grindstones of the "isms." This is a fine novel, perhaps a great one, on the most urgent theme of our time.

A NOVEL of distinction and polish, if not of much breadth, is *The Cardboard Crown*, by Martin Boyd. This is the story of an Australian family, with European connections, in the 1880's and 1890's. It is more particularly the story of Alice Langton, from whose journals it is partially reconstructed. Alice is a very rich woman and her fortune and the uses to which it is put play an important part in the story. She marries Austin Langton, a horsey, good-natured character, but finds that his cousin Hetty, who had from childhood considered him her own, has borne him several children while herself married to a weakling husband. Alice leaves Austin and in turn falls in love with Aubrey Tunstall, the spendthrift son of a peer and an admirable guide to monuments and pictures in Italy. She might have left her husband for him for good, had she not unexpectedly met Austin again and found her "love for him as strong as ever." The same situation, more or less, arises twenty years later, but this time it is the illness of Alice's grandson, the narrator of the story, which prevents her from abandoning Austin. We see her going between Australia and England, in each of which she has a home, as her family and her family connections increase, but we never come to know her better than, one feels, her own family does, and compared with the militant and selfish Hetty who entrapped her husband, she remains a cipher. Mr. Boyd has a curious capacity for rococo detail, both in description and in narrative, and the embellishments of his story are quaint and attractive. He writes well, with both precision and ease, and establishes an excellent relationship with his reader.

IN a very lively and credible biography, *Arnold Bennett*, by Reginald Pound, we are presented with a portrait such as the late John Sargent might have painted, merciless yet generous, one man's view which will yet show all men something. The subject is treated much as Hugh Walpole was lately treated by Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis—that is to say, affectionately, even admiringly, but with no attempt to gloss over the defects. Arnold Bennett's physical appearance, particularly vulnerable, is certainly not masked here. We are shown a man who congratulated himself as much on his worldly success, his fabulous earning capacity, the recognition he received from the great, as on his solid achievement as a writer. He seems to have known the merits of *The Old Wives Tale* but, like many other writers, to have had little sense of critical proportion about his own work. His journal, sometimes wildly ingenuous, sometimes cagey and fearful of critical eyes, reveals him, too, and is here quoted with remarkable aptness. Many of his letters help the picture, and the subjects chosen for illustration are excellent. This will not be the last life of Arnold Bennett and may not be the best, but for the time being it does a hard job extraordinarily well.

THE art of the theatre seems to be the only art to be frequently hereditary, and a book like *Prompt Copy*, by Jean Webster-Brough, is but one history of a theatrical family which shows talent being passed down through the generations. We meet first Barnabas Brough, a contemporary of Dickens, who wrote plays and burlesques with his brother William. Barnabas's granddaughter, Fanny Brough, was born in Paris, and given her first chance on the stage by the Calverts, "who ran almost the last of the stock companies." She was trained by them and had her first speaking part when the company was at Rochdale. Her brother Robert made his name in Australia. Then comes Lionel Brough, known as Lal, who was born in 1836 and is still remembered by the older generation of playgoers. His daughter Mary brings the story down to our own time, for her appearances in the Aldwych farces are fresh in everyone's memory. "It was a tremendous thrill on Aldwych first nights when the familiar voice was heard. They always gave her a line 'off stage' and the audience would start a great roar of applause before she ever put her nose inside the door." Finally, of that generation, there is Sydney Brough, the father of the author of this fond miscellany. All these are remembered with interpolated appreciations by other people of the theatre.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

DEATH IN AMBUSH.
By Susan Gilruth. (*Hale ; 9s. 6d.*)

JULIEN WARE.
By Guthrie Wilson. (*Hale ; 10s. 6d.*)

EAST OF EDEN.
By John Steinbeck. (*Heinemann ; 15s.*)

THE SEEKERS.
By John Guthrie. (*Werner Laurie ; 15s.*)

THE PRODUCER.
By Richard Brooks. (*Heinemann ; 15s.*)

A DAUGHTER'S A DAUGHTER.
By Mary Westmacott. (*Heinemann ; 10s. 6d.*)

TEN THOUSAND THINGS ARE ONE.
By Richard Hertz. (*Hand and Flower Press ; 12s. 6d.*)

VALENTINO.
By Alan Arnold. (*Hutchinson ; 12s. 6d.*)
A necessarily rather racy and superficial account of the life and films of Rudolph Valentino.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FRENCH HISTORY.
By René Sedillot. (*Harrap ; 15s.*)
Something more than a useful reference book, this is lucidly, even entertainingly written.

HERE'S A HOW-DE-DO.
By Martyn Green. (*Reinhard ; 21s.*)
An account of nearly thirty years travelling with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company by Sir Henry Lytton's successor.

MID-CENTURY JOURNEY.
By William L. Shirer. (*Robert Hale ; 16s.*)
A hotch-potch of theory, reporting and anecdote about Europe, during and since the war, by the American observer who wrote *Berlin Diary*.

THE SHORES OF LIGHT.
By Edmund Wilson. (*W. H. Allen ; 25s.*)
Sub-titled "A Literary Chronicle of the Twenties and Thirties," this contains reviews, essays, literary notes chiefly about American novelists and poets.

A PLAY TO-NIGHT.
By J. C. Trewin. (*Elek ; 16s.*)
Aptly called by the publisher a "book of digressions, diversions and programme notes," these lively pages need no recommendation to readers of *The Sketch*.

Authors of To-day—VI.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL was born in 1908 at Wallington, Surrey, and educated at St. Paul's School and Hertford College, Oxford. After a period at Bonn-am-Rhein, he taught for two years at Denstone College, Staffs, where he wrote his first two novels, Two of a Kind *and* About Levy. *In London in 1933 he wrote* At Sea *and the bulk of the short stories collected in* A Date with a Duchess.

He married in 1934 and spent the next six months travelling in Spain and the Moroccos. In this year he completed the school novel Dead Centre *and also a pamphlet on education called* A Challenge to Schools. *Returning to London, he wrote* The Changing Scene, *a study of Britain in the mid-'thirties, and a novel,* Pie in the Sky, *and in June 1937 went to Hollywood.*

After a very brief visit to London in January 1938, he left for the West Indies and then went to Mexico. In Trinidad he researched into the social and economic conditions which had produced riots in the previous year, and, as a result of his investigations, wrote Glory Dead. *In Mexico he travelled extensively, compiling material for a book on the country, but when by midsummer 1939 it was plain that war was imminent, he returned to England. Here he wrote a light political thriller with a Mexican background, called* The Way to Santiago, *and during the war alternated between the K.R.R.C. and The Ministry of Information, Films Division. In 1943 he was in charge of the production of films to be shown in liberated Europe, and in 1944-45 he was sent to the Middle East, Belgium and Yugoslavia to script films on reconstruction subjects.* The Watershed *contains an account of two of these missions.*

His first post-war novel, A Man Reprieved *(published in 1949), was intended as the first of a series of novels about the same people over the last thirty years. But for the moment he has put aside the continuation of this series. His most recent book is* The Magic of My Youth *(published by Rupert Hart-Davis), an autobiographical excursion retracing the shady paths he explored in the '20s with the black magician Aleister Crowley and his victims.*

The book on which he is currently engaged is the mature novel about Mexico which he might have written much earlier if it had not been for the war. It will be published under the title Moment of Glory, *by Jonathan Cape, during the first half of 1953.*

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Bassano.

TO MARRY IN APRIL

The engagement has been announced between Miss Jacqueline Floor, beautiful younger daughter of Major and Mme. Ides Maria Floor, of Lullended, East Grinstead, Sussex, and the well-known rider, Mr. Michael Naylor-Leyland, younger son of the late Sir Edward and the late Lady Naylor-Leyland, of Nantclwyd Hall, Ruthin, North Wales. Twenty-year-old Miss Floor met her fiancé three years ago, when she was one of the loveliest débutantes of the season. Mr. Naylor-Leyland, aged twenty-six, who served in the Life Guards and now farms in Gloucestershire, was prevented by illness from riding with the British equestrian team at the Olympic Games.

...And the Hallé Orchestra

The Hallé Orchestra, with Mr. George Weldon conducting, in a Viennese Interlude at the Hallé Ball, held at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on January 2. Guests danced also to the music of Bonelli's Ballroom Orchestra, and the programme included displays by the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society.

Mr. George Weldon, Mr. Leonard Behrens, Chairman of Hallé Concerts Society, and Mr. Laurence Turner, Hallé Orchestra leader.

Mr. George Weldon conducting the Orchestra for the popular Viennese waltzes.

This happy group obviously regard the Ball as an excellent way to start the New Year. Included in this picture of members and friends are Mr. Wallace H. Jones, Orchestra Manager, Miss Elisabeth Richardson, Mr. George Furniss, Mr. Tom Cheetham, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Leonard Foster, Miss Joyce Aldous, Mr. Michael Winfield, Miss Jane Marcus, Miss Enid Roper, Mr. Arthur Bevan, Mr. John David Black and Miss Elizabeth Godlee

Specially photographed

provided music for dancing

Here, *l. to r.*, are Mr. Rex Hillson, Mr. Edwards, Concert Manager of the Hallé Orchestra, Mr. George Weldon, Mr. George Furniss and Mr. Kenneth Crickmore, General Manager.

Two guests snapped in happy mood were Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Hillson enjoy watching the dancers.

L. to r. : Miss D. Redhead, Hon. Choir Secretary, Mrs. Walter Hessey and Miss Elisabeth Hessey, Organising Secretary.

In festive mood are Miss Marjorie Lee Axon and Mr. Maurice R. Wilson.

Toasting the New Year together in the approved style are Mr. George Weldon and Mr. George Furniss.

Left to right : Mr. Charles Yates Lloyd, Honorary Treasurer, Mr. Richard Lloyd, Miss Frances Lloyd, Mrs. William Robinson and Mr. William Robinson, Chairman of the Hallé Club.

" THE SKETCH " by Deryck Whittaker.

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

Richard the Second

(*Lyric, Hammersmith*)

IT is only eight years since I went to the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, on a wet autumn afternoon, and found a performance of *King John* in which a young actor, Paul Scofield, played the Bastard. (The producer, even younger, was Peter Brook). To-day they are at the top of the London theatre. We are concerned here with Scofield, an actor who can bring off both Hamlet and the Clown in *The Winter's Tale*; Troilus and Lucio, Armado and Cloten. Now he is Richard the Second, the "plume-plucked Richard" of that magnificent chronicle in which the English playgoer thinks at once of John Gielgud. The production at Hammersmith is Gielgud's: at its centre is Scofield, and I found him almost intolerably moving.

In saying this I contradict some of my colleagues. Scofield for me discovers more pathos in the part than any Richard since the young Gielgud, and he does not do it by extravagant gulps from a bucket of self-pity. It is a portrait of an easily-swayed, capricious young autocrat, bred to royalty, who mourns for his lost state. He is self-dramatising, like many other young men, but his sorrow is real and he finds for it a poet's expression. Paul Scofield can speak the verse simply and beautifully. This is a direct statement of the part without over-emphasis on the Benson idea of Richard—possibly invented by C. E. Montague—as the artist-King who is the subject and the lord of grief. Scofield cannot altogether join the halves of the part—few actors can—but, from the moment he reaches the coast of Wales—"Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand"—to the death at Pomfret, his reading is just, consistent, able to move mind and heart. I do not think he gets the Farewell; there, too, I miss the stab of the moment when Richard turns upon "Northumberland, thou ladder!"—Maurice Evans's flinging gesture is still with me—but for the rest he is Richard Plantagenet as I imagine him: spoken throughout in a voice that loses nothing of Richard's music and never falters into sentimental *vibrato*. As for his diction: try reading to yourself Richard's Coventry speech, "For that our kingdom's earth," and then observe Scofield's breath-control as he speaks the twenty lines or so.

It is Richard's play; and I was not much impressed by other performances, though Brewster Mason knows about Northumberland's harshness, and Richard Wordsworth sees that York's vacillations do not become a jest. Herbert Lomas, a grand actor properly cast, has a delivery too gnarled and strangled for John of Gaunt's deathbed apostrophe. John Gielgud has produced, of course, with the quickest understanding: he has stemmed the laughter on the "gages"—only one is thrown—and it is a cunning idea to sweep the watcher, in a single moment, from the death at Pomfret to Exton's arrival with the murdered "Richard of Bordeaux" before Bolingbroke at Windsor. Loudon Sainthill's décor is too finicking. He has a small stage; but we should not be reminded of Toytown.

The Man

(*Her Majesty's*)

MR. MEL DINELLI, in a strictly Pickwickian sense, is a Fat Boy: he wants to make our flesh creep. His ghoulish little drama is set in a house in an unfashionable quarter of an American town. A pleasant widow, with nothing particular on her mind, has hired a man to do a day's housework. He arrives, ready to polish the floor, a mild-spoken, excessively clean, touchy person, with an eccentric habit of locking doors and disconnecting telephones. He is accompanied frequently by a blare of music which indicates, so we gather, some goings-on in his brain.

We have to spend a day in his company: a stage day, occupying the usual two-and-a-half hours. The dramatist, a persistent fellow, rams home to us again and again the fact that the Man is likely to attack the Woman. Dramatist and Man take so long about it that one is tempted to appeal to them to hurry up. But Mr. Dinelli knows the theatrical virtues of suspense. All the while he is grating on our nerves, and when night comes and we realise that the attack cannot be deferred much longer, the play begins to excite in earnest. Before then it has been entirely a matter of preparation—far too much of it.

From JOHN GIELGUD: *An Actor's Biography in Pictures*, recently published by John Lehmann (30s.). The scene is from *The Lady's Not for Burning*.

I am not at liberty to tell you what happens in the last scenes. You will like the play if you like a cosy night with a maniac. Artistically, it is no more than elongated Grand Guignol; but I do not suppose that Mr. Dinelli intended more than this. It may not stay in the memory. At least we have to salute Peter Cotes on his production and Joan Miller and Bernard Braden on their sustained performances.

Dick Whittington

(*Palladium*)

A MAJOR critic accompanied me to the Palladium, and I had better set down here a few of his observations. He approved strongly of the choice of "Mr. Pastry" (Richard Hearne) as the mate of a sailing-vessel bound for Morocco. No one, I gather, could have acted the part with more verisimilitude, turned a neater somersault, or—in the temporary job of assistant in a Cheapside store—tugged a tight Wellington boot from a customer's foot with more extravagance of effort. Very fine, we can assure you: "Mr. Pastry" will go far. He is also excellent at cooking toad-in-the-hole with a superabundance of clotted paste-flinging, and a little crockery-smashing to add to the fun.

The scenery next. It transforms itself before our eyes with a pleasing readiness. Thus Cheapside merges into Fitzwarren's Stores; and in Dick Whittington's dream on Highgate Hill we have a rapidly-changing summary of the seasons. This is undeniably wizard; and I cannot even record the approving adjectives for a scene called "In the Cabin," which consists merely of the discharge of large quantities of water over Mr. Pastry and the Dame (Sonnie Hale) in a set that rocks realistically from side to side. The programme notes—with some pedantry—that we should salute Jimmy Currie's Water Apparatus Patents Nos. 605499 and 680235. (Certainly. With pleasure.)

My colleague took a good view of Frankie Howerd's duet with a young woman in which Mr. Howerd considers the disadvantages of a bucket with a hole in it. He thought that Rob Murray, the bored conjurer, was a charming type; he liked Knie's Chimpanzees, especially the smallest in the pram; and he had, too, a polite word for the Cat (Bobby Vernon). Principal Boys, who have a trick of singing the more sentimental ballads, are not always favourites with my colleague's age-group (nine-and-a-half), but I can report that Vanessa Lee, the Dick, and Lois Green, the Principal Girl, do everything that these agreeable persons are expected to do; Miss Lee makes a very handsome Lord Mayor of London.

A satisfactory occasion then, with any amount of scenery, and, if I may repeat myself (on my colleague's instructions), Richard Hearne. This actor, I am informed, has a future: that is praise indeed from a critic who is himself an adaptable player: when a fellow has done Mr. Grouser and King Herod in consecutive weeks, he knows his job.

PRESENT AND FUTURE

GRAHAM GREENE'S much-expected *The Living Room*, which is Donald Albery's first venture into personal management, has now been cast almost completely. It reaches London towards the end of March after a short provincial tour (which begins on February 9 at Edinburgh) with a company headed by Eric Portman, Dorothy Tutin, Mary Jerrold, Ian Hunter, and Valerie Taylor. Peter Glenville directs.

MR. WOLFIT

Those who heard Donald Wolfit in the broadcast of the Greek tragedy, *Œdipus at Colonus*, the other night, will be particularly keen to see him in the part at the King's, Hammersmith. He will use the same E. F. Watling version, renamed *Œdipus in Exile*; this will be the second half of an evening which begins with *Œdipus the King*: it is the first time in stage history that the two Sophoclean tragedies have been played together in one programme. Besides Mr. Wolfit, the Hammersmith cast will include such players as Rosalind Iden, Wanda Rotha, Sir Lewis Casson, James Dale, and Ernest Hare. Later, the season takes in *As You Like It*, *King Lear*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Macbeth*.

GETTING AROUND

Julius Cæsar will follow *The Merchant of Venice* at the Old Vic. Hugh Hunt is to produce, with sets and costumes by Tanya Moiseiwitsch, and William Devlin (Brutus), Paul Rogers (Cassius), Robin Bailey (Antony), Douglas Campbell, William Squire, and Helen Cherry in the cast. . . . Constance Cummings will have the title-part in Joseph Kramm's *The Shrike*, presented by Jack Hylton and Sam Wanamaker. . . . Liam Redmond heads an all-Irish cast in Paul Vincent Carroll's *The Devil Came from Dublin*, which opens on January 21 at the Embassy. . . . Dennis Price, Marie Ney and Reginald Beckwith are the stars of Linnit and Dunfee's next play, *The Man Upstairs*, by Patrick Hamilton: it begins a six-weeks pre-London tour on January 19 at the Grand, Blackpool.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MARIE PATIENT : For her symbolic success in Coronation Year—Queen from Monarch !

Pretty, vivacious Miss Patient, who lives at Bethnal Green, is twenty-two years of age. She is shown here with her Cup after her election as City of London Telephone Beauty Queen from twelve finalists at the Monarch Exchange, in Wood Street, where she works.

MAX MULHEDER : For his wonderful "way with flowers"—a fish dish with a difference.

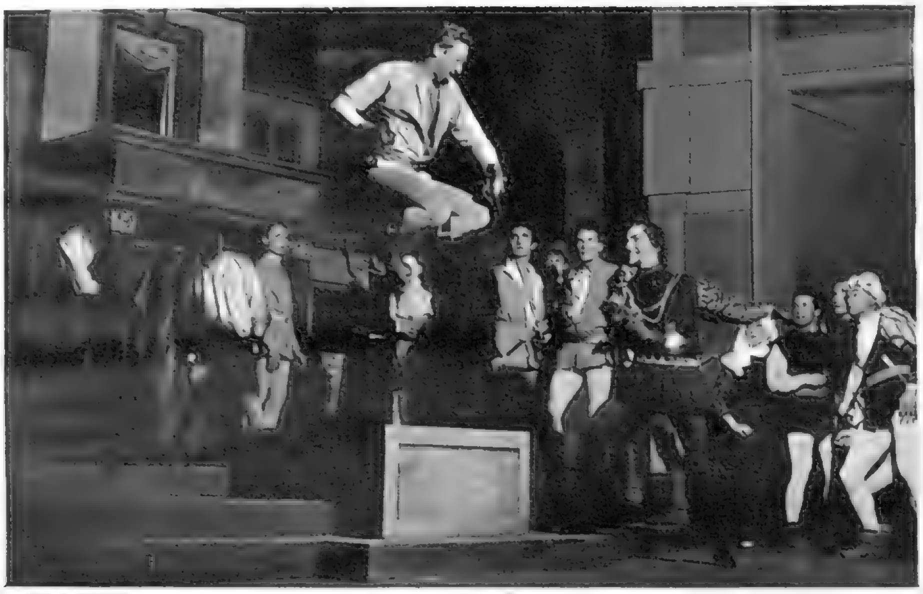
Now Chef Tournant at the Hotel Metropole, Brighton, Mr. Mulheder learned his trade in the kitchens of the King of Denmark. This basket is made from hundreds of lobster claws—and the turbot bones "connecta" with the cod bones! What with magnolia blossoms from oyster shells, and ferns from Dover sole spines, the whole thing is a masterpiece in "dry bones"!

WALTER MIDGLEY (*left*) : For living up to the maxim that "the show must go on."

While singing as the dashing Duke of Mantua in *Rigoletto* at Covent Garden, tenor Midgley took a deep breath and swallowed half his false moustache, but sang gamely on through the show. What price a new "Grow Your Own" campaign ?

CAPTAIN THOMAS HOLLIDAY (*right*) : For proving that you *can* teach an old dog new tricks.

Pictured here dancing with his teacher, Miss Barbara Morley, is seventy-seven-year-old Captain Holliday, of Folkestone, who took up dancing when he was nearly seventy-two and has now passed the Veteran Gold Medal Test of the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing.



Mercutio (Peter Finch) leaps to avoid the rapier of Tybalt (Laurence Payne) in the *Romeo and Juliet* fight at the Old Vic. In the background are Romeo (Alan Badel ; centre, left) and Benvolio (William Squire).

The " Kill Claudio ! " scene in *Much Ado About Nothing*, at the Phœnix. Benedick (John Gielgud) and Beatrice (Diana Wynyard) are together in the church.

During the second scene of *The Young Elizabeth* (New and Criterion), Elizabeth (Mary Morris ; second from right) is greeted by Joseph O'Conor (Seymour). Others (l. to r.) are Margaretta Scott (Katherine Parr), Margaret Scudamore and Robert Atkins.

Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens reading from his own work : one of the year's greatest and most memorable performances.

The attempted strangling of Sheila Wendice (Jane Baxter) by Captain Lesgate (Olaf Pooley) in *Dial "M" for Murder* (Westminster).

DRAMATIC MOMENTS O

ONE is apt to think of any given theatrical year in terms of its most exciting or impressive " moments." On these pages are ten of the passages that return immediately to mind from the year 1952.

First, maybe (though not in the order in which the pictures are presented above), I shall recall the famous moment in the Church Scene of *Much Ado About Nothing*, when Beatrice challenges Benedick to kill Claudio and receives the startled answer : " Ha ! not for the wide world ! " We shall long remember how Diana Wynyard held the charged silence before she spoke, and how John Gielgud's quick, low reply was the exclamation of a man who had not considered how friendship must struggle with love and honour.

Next, a companion line, " Kill that man ! ", spoken in very different circumstances—at the end of the second act of Charles Morgan's *The River Line*, when the British officers escaping through Occupied France are leaving their hiding-place, the Frenchwoman (Pamela Brown) darts her order, and the suspected Heron falls. Third, there is the appearance of Alec Clunes's magnificently-spoken Moses before the Pharaoh in Christopher Fry's *The Firstborn*, a play that should have had a long run : it did not trail away on a cirrus-cloud of pseudo-Biblical idiom. From this to Flora Robson's taut performance in the melodrama of *The Innocents* : she is pictured at the moment when she senses that Peter Quint, the dead valet, stands outside the house in the moonlight.

A photograph of attempted strangling from *Dial "M" for Murder*

Flora Robson, in *The Innocents*, at Her Majesty's, feels the presence of the dead valet's apparition outside the window.

Katharine Hepburn, as Epifania in Shaw's *The Millionairess* (New Theatre), takes a heavy fall in most uncharacteristic fashion.

Moses (Alec Clunes), in Christopher Fry's *The Firstborn*, staged at the Winter Garden, comes to plead for his people with Pharaoh (Mark Dignam).

"Kill that man!" The remarkable climax of the second act of Charles Morgan's *The River Line* (Strand). L. to r.: Michael Goodliffe, John Westbrook, Pamela Brown, Robert Hardy, Paul Scofield.

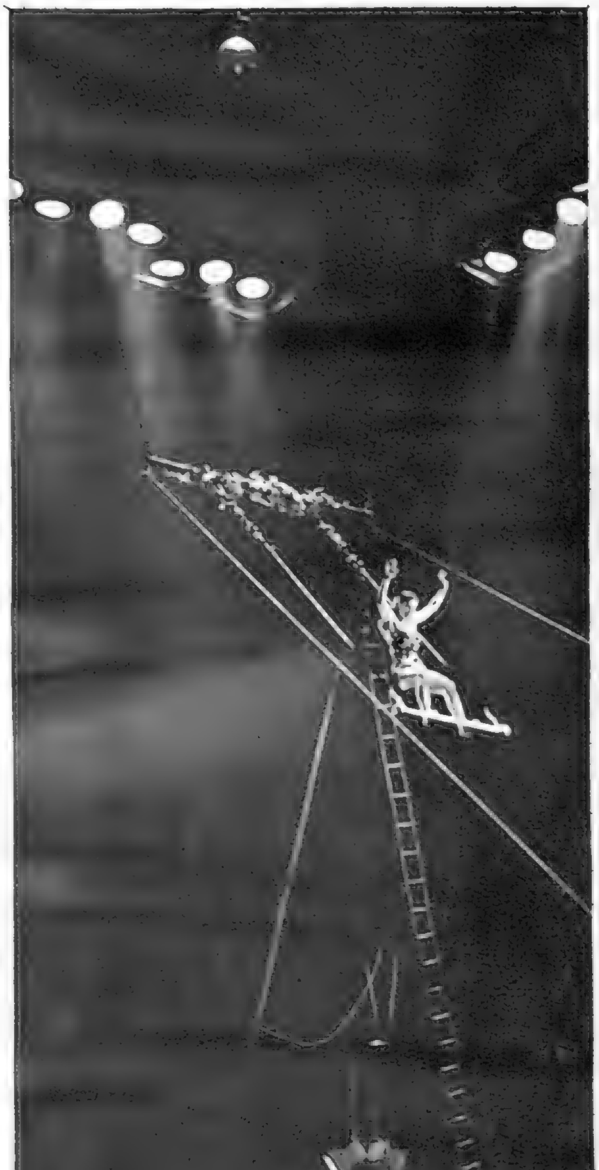
THE 1952 THEATRE

reminds us of the best of the year's puzzle-plays, one by Frederick Knott. The only implausible suggestion is that anyone in his right mind should want to murder Jane Baxter. Katharine Hepburn, uncharacteristically flung sprawling in *The Millionairess*, brings back to us that cyclonic impression of Shaw's boss-type, the woman who gets her own way. I was reminded of a December afternoon when I had watched the wind flattening a hedge of tamarisk. Mary Morris, another fine actress, is shown in the second scene of *The Young Elizabeth*: the Princess runs to Lord Thomas Seymour, and he lifts her in his arms.

The portrait of Charles Dickens is not of any particular incident. It is Dickens—I beg pardon—Emlyn Williams as he appears during the now famous protean "readings": the most extraordinary unaided performance in memory. Dickens is Williams, Williams is Dickens: they are indivisible.

Two more classical choices round off the year. In the Old Vic's *Romeo and Juliet*, directed so well by Hugh Hunt, the fights have seldom been better. We have chosen the moment when Mercutio (Peter Finch) begins his duel with the deadly Tybalt—the best of any I have seen—of Laurence Payne. The last photograph, also from the Vic, is of a play seldom acted, the moment in *Henry the Sixth, Part Three*, when York is humiliated by Rosalind Boxall, a white-hot Margaret of Anjou. As I said at the time, this production by the Birmingham Repertory Company showed how dangerous it is in the theatre to have a purely metropolitan mind.—J. C. T.

Rosalind Boxall (Margaret of Anjou) taunts the captive York (Alan Bridges) in the Birmingham Repertory production of *Henry the Sixth, Part Three* (Old Vic).



PINITO DEL ORO

DARE-DEVIL BEAUTY UNDER THE BIG TOP

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

OLGA SMART

Above: A beauty for whom even the king of the beasts holds no terrors, is shapely Olga Smart, at twenty, one of the youngest lion-tamers in the world and one of the few women to undertake this singularly hazardous job. Married to David Smart, son of circus king Billy Smart, she has spent her whole life in the sawdust ring and is now putting her "pets" through their paces for Jack Hylton's Earl's Court Circus. For generations her people have been tight-rope walkers, and in Festival year her father, Charles Elleano, thrilled thousands with his walk high above the Thames. When Olga was asked what made her take up this dangerous profession, she replied simply: "I like lions." *Left:* Dark, vivacious Pinito del Oro has come over from America to appear at Harringay Arena for Tom Arnold's Circus. This dark-haired Spanish beauty performs spell-binding, death-defying tricks on a swinging trapeze, with all the grace and precision of a ballerina. High above the gasping crowd, Pinito swings merrily on the trapeze and stands on her head without holding with her hands or feet. The audience are left with the feeling that her next trick will be impossible!

SPORTING BACKGROUND

by Louis T. Stanley

RUGBY UNION football becomes top-line news with the opening of the international season. By the time these words are read, Scotland will have played France in Paris. I hope the six new "caps" will have rejuvenated the Scottish XV. There was certainly room for improvement when I saw them lose the Calcutta match at Murrayfield. Not only did England retain the Calcutta Cup by 19 points to 3, but Scotland earned the "wooden spoon" with a tally of five international defeats. The record was not libellous. It mirrored the lowest standard Scotland had touched for many years. The infusion of fresh blood may do the trick. The trial matches sounded encouraging, but form on such occasions means little or nothing. The final England trial was a mediocre affair, whilst the Welsh selectors must have been perplexed when the Possibles trounced the Probables by 27 points to 9.

I pity the lot of a selector. For one thing it is impossible to please everybody. There are always grumblers anxious to do a Quixote act. What these critics so frequently forget is that individualistic qualities, however brilliant, do not necessarily make a good team. I can think of at least two outstanding players who would get "caps" were it not that their presence would upset the balance of a representative side. The selectors have to make a jig-saw of fifteen pieces. Each must fit. It is useless to concentrate upon attack if the defence is weak. The advantage gained by powerful forwards is cancelled out if the backs are feeble. A three-quarter may be brilliant but weak in defence. If he is picked, it becomes necessary to see if he can be covered by the defence of his colleagues. These and other elementary pointers are there to see if only spectators would watch intelligently.

On that score I have always found Welsh crowds the most observant. Not much escapes notice at Cardiff Arms Park. The last time I had an argument with a neighbour about the value of the line-out. He wanted to do away with it. He is not alone. Many regard it in the same way as golfers used to eye the stymie. But there is another point of view. Line-out work can be a joy to watch. Everything turns upon timing. The trouble is that its possibilities are not fully developed. Purposeless throwing-in from touch is useless. R. H. Guest was masterly in this connection. Woodward is not far behind. He pin-points his man every time by regulating his throw. In spite of critics, I maintain that the line-out is an integral part of the game.

It should be an exciting international season. If last season's form is any criterion, England could win the championship.

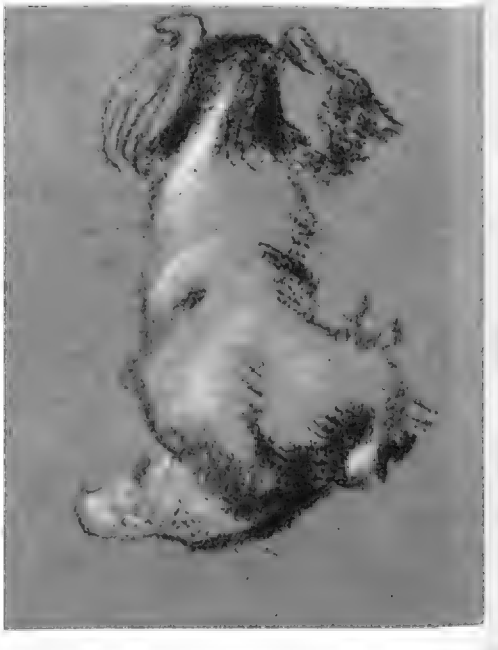
The Four-Minute Mile

The news that the Oxford President, Chris Chataway, has been invited by Gundar Haegg, the world record mile holder, to spend a holiday at Motala, in Sweden, this summer, is not without interest. Apparently Haegg was impressed by Chataway's lion-hearted effort in the 5000 metres at Helsinki. His offer to talk over methods of training could be invaluable to the Oxford runner, particularly as he is going to concentrate on the mile this year. Whether he will clock the elusive four-minute mile remains to be seen. That target has been as elusive as the last 1000 ft. of Mount Everest. Haegg has come the nearest. In July 1945 he registered 4 mins. 01.4 secs. at Malmo: 1.4 secs. have to be lopped off. It doesn't sound much. In running distance it amounts roughly to 10 yards. Even so, the world's finest milers have been trying in vain for seven years. It is interesting to analyse individual performances in the records. So far thirty-six athletes have improved on 4 mins. 06.9 secs. for the mile. To-day there are about ten men who might succeed. Lueg of Germany has equalled the world record for 1500 metres of 3.43. In the Olympic 1500 metres he finished third. The winner that day, J. Barthel of Luxembourg, can show 4 mins. 2.5 secs. for the mile, a time converted from 1500 metres. In the same way Gaston Reiff, the world record holder for 2 miles, can claim 4 mins. 2.8 secs. for the mile. Roger Bannister has 4 mins. 4.5 secs. to his credit. Willy Slijkhuis of the Netherlands has broken 8.50 for 2 miles, Gunnar Nielson of Denmark, MacMillen of the United States, Landqvist of Sweden, El Mabrouk and Ingvar Eriksson . . . these are the men who might this season reduce the leeway to the magic mile by 5 yards. Chataway may get inspiration at Motala to beat the field. Whoever succeeds will have earned the title of the Athlete of the Year.

Television and Sport

The decision of the Rugby Union to ban the television of international matches on Saturday is regrettable. The statement issued said that the Committee had decided on the ban after considering "the effect on their clubs." Facilities will be offered to film the games for showing on television the following week, coupled with the Union's hope that "this will enable players and others interested in the game to view the film of the match without interfering with clubs' normal Saturday afternoon activities." This ban followed immediately upon the decision taken by the Welsh Rugby Union Management Committee that the television of club and international matches in Wales should not be allowed. I find it difficult to sympathise with such short-sighted policy. This Canute-attitude by officialdom cannot halt the progress of television. No doubt the attendance at club matches might be adversely affected, but the dates of international matches are known long beforehand. Club games could be played in the morning, or else the day left blank in the fixture-list. What officials will not realise is that the televising of internationals and important matches to a watching public of roughly 1,000,000 is the finest way to popularise the game.

The controversial question of sport and television will have to be tackled sooner or later. The future obviously lies with the telescopic lens of the television camera. It is clear that the spoken description cannot equal the instant picture on the cathode-ray tubes. The commentator may rouse enthusiasm by mental imagery, but it is not the same as seeing the event with our own eyes. I should hate to see the B.B.C. become what the late Lord Tweedsmuir once called the "Congenital idiot's guide to world knowledge," but the fact remains that treated with imagination and used with discrimination it is a powerful medium. Particularly is this so in the case of sporting events. I have watched the Boat Race from a launch, the tow-path, listened to a radio commentary, and sat in an armchair by a television set. For excitement, detail and accuracy television is by far the best. The same applies to athletics, cricket, lawn tennis and football. I only hope that golf comes a little more into the picture. The B.B.C. might well try the experiment suggested by *Punch* of giving listeners what they themselves think they think they want, instead of what the B.B.C. thinks they think they think they want.



ANIMAL DRAWINGS THROUGH THREE CENTURIES.

A selection of pictures under this heading from a well-known private collection is being shown at the Colnaghi Galleries in Old Bond Street as from to-morrow (January 15) until February 5 in aid of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs, an admirable organisation to whose funds the whole of the proceeds from the sale of the catalogue will be devoted. There is an interesting Foreword by Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, the Federation's President.

Left: A Spaniel Seated: by Sawrey Gilpin, R.A.

Above: A Prancing Roebuck: by Cornelis Saftleven.

Right: A Spaniel Sitting, from the Back: by Andrew Geddes, A.R.A.

DEC. 19.—AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE. Mr. P. C. Ricard and his bride, the former Miss Joan Baird, pictured in happy mood after their wedding.

DEC. 21.—NEW YORK WEDDING. Baron Eugene De Rothschild and his bride, the former Jeanne Stuart of Park Lane, London, at *Still Cottage* on the De Rothschild Estate at Locust Valley, New York, after their marriage.

DEC. 24.—AT EILDON HALL. Lady Caroline Gilmour with the Duchess of Northumberland, who took her daughters Lady Caroline, Lady Victoria and Lady Julia Percy to a meet at St. Boswells.

DEC. 25.—BLACK WATCH OFFICERS' BALL. Obviously enjoying themselves at the Black Watch Officers' Ball in the County Buildings, Perth, are *left:* the Countess of Mansfield and Mrs. Stewart Stevens of Balnakeilly, Pitlochry. *Right: l. to r.:* Lady Abertay, Lady Norie-Miller and Mrs. A. McLellan. Nearly 400 dancers took the floor.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

IN her Kensington flat, on December 21, Baroness Eugénie von Veiel gave a small, farewell cocktail party to round off her short visit to London. Mr. Antony Gordon-Hill, resplendent in a frock-coat, said how much he admired her electric brougham, and was promptly given it, so Trooper Nigel Broackes, who claims still to be suffering from concussion as a result of the Baroness's first party, said he loved her flat, but the result was negative!

DEC. 23.—The Café de Paris Guinea Pig Society gave a most delightful and entertaining ball in the Empire Rooms, which some 500 people attended. Menu cards promised a cabaret, and at 2 a.m. a surprise, billed simply as "? ? ? ? ? ? ? ". When two struck, the lights were dimmed and a dozen zoot-suits blowing wailing saxophones filed in from the Tottenham Court Road. In a flash black cads'-caps for the men and straw boaters for the women were handed round; guttering candles in empty bottles were placed on every table. Instantly elegant young men in tails fox-trotting with self-possessed partners became Parisian turn-of-the-century spivs with drooping cigarettes and caps rakishly over one eye, who performed Apache dances with their "molls" in a veritable Category X night-club scene. One expected a police raid or a brawl at any moment, and imagined the evil glint of a knife concealed in the folds of a strapless evening dress.

Looking particularly "vicious" were Mr. Bobby Butlin, eating a kipper breakfast with Miss Joanne Akker, Mr. Clive Baxter, Mr. Ronny Corbett, who has just finished making a film with Ronald Shiner, Miss Anne Lambert, Mr. Steve Kearns, Miss Barbara Stanley, the Urwick sisters, both débutantes of this year, and Mr. Jon Hillaby, who threw such a successful cocktail party a few days ago.

At the end, Mr. James Currie was so overcome by his surroundings that he telephoned Kensington Air Station to book a seat on the next Paris flight. Still wearing tails and an opera-cloak, he was seen off on a 5 a.m. plane the same morning by a small party which included his partner, Miss Charlotte Strachey.

(Continued overleaf.)

JAN. 1.—AT ST. JAMES'S, Spanish Place, Mr. John Lindesay-Bethune, son of the Earl of Lindsay, married Miss Enriqueta Koch de Gooreynd.

JAN. 2.—OLD SURREY AND BURSTOW HUNT BALL: Enjoying refreshments in the marquee, which adjoined the ballroom at Tandridge Court, are, *l. to r.*, Mr. P. Wootton, Miss Octavia Andreae, Captain John Slim (son of Field Marshal Sir William Slim), Mr. John Andreae and Miss Ann Williams Powlett.

JAN. 2.—ALSO PRESENT at the Old popular function at Tandridge Court, Andreae, were, *l. to r.:* Miss Mary Mr. Brian Blacker and Miss Erica of the ballroom. Everyone agreed

JAN. 6.—HAVING A REALLY WONDERFUL TIME at a teen-agers' dance at 14, Eaton Square (lent by Mr. Peter Davies) are, *left:* Mr. Simon Berry and Miss Angela Jones, taking part in one of the more lively dances. *Centre:* Eating a snack on the stairs is all part of the fun—Miss Jane Dixon, Mr. Alan Blyth, Miss Susan Adamson, Miss Sylvia Mary Haigh, Miss Morag Pool and Miss Angela Jones capture the spirit of the party, urged on by Mrs. T. Casdagli (joint hostess with Mrs. Cyril Barker), and Miss Gabrielle Maynard. *Right:* Miss Sylvia Mary Haigh dances with Mr. Michael Johnson.

Our Social

DEC. 26.—Boxing Day merrymaking took place in the traditional fashion at Mr. and Mrs. John Sanger's rambling fifteenth-century farmhouse in Sussex. The village itself is appropriately named Gay Street, suggesting it might have been known that a member of the Farmiloe family of Purley Park in Berkshire, where they were renowned for their outstanding parties, was to make her home there.

Mr. Leslie Farmiloe, a Westminster City Councillor, who brought his wife Hazel, was Mrs. Sanger's only brother present among the twenty-five members of the family who sat down to a superb dinner at the long banqueting table in the dining-hall, where the Georgian candlesticks, surrounded by flower garlands, were interwoven with gay-coloured Christmas crackers to make a delightful pattern.

Dancing took place in the large oak-beamed drawing-room, which is conveniently divided into two parts by a wooden archway which separates dancers from "sitters-out." A running buffet supper was served in the completely transformed dining-hall at midnight. We saw Mr. and Mrs. Francis Whigham partake of the delicious home-made and cream-filled meringues—her brother Malcolm married the Bishop of Lincoln's daughter, Elizabeth Harland, in mid-December. Among others who came to refresh themselves after hours of strenuous dancing were Nicky Winter, who is in Eton's first cricket XI., with Miss Julian Burr, who hopes to be presented this year, and Mr. and Mrs. Tony McLagen, who have just returned from their honeymoon in South Africa.

DEC. 29.—The Queen invited fifty young neighbours to a small dance she gave at Sandringham House for her cousin, Princess Alexandra of Kent who, with other members of the Royal family, spent the Christ[mas] holidays there. The Princess wore a becoming long white taffeta dre[ss]

The party was completely informal and, as the Queen herself w[as] confined to her private apartment on account of a cold, the Duke [of] Edinburgh and Princess Margaret acted as hosts to her guests. Prince[ss] Margaret, who looked enchanting in white satin studded with sequ[ins] put some of the most advanced jazz and swing records on the radiogr[am] much to the young people's liking, some of whom had been rather sh[y] to begin with.

Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, wore a beautiful black lace dr[ess] and was accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, who was dressed in bl[ack] satin. The Duke of Kent, home from school in Switzerland for the holida[ys] with young Prince Michael, were also present.

Footnote to the Boylans' party at Hilltown, Co. Meath (see pp. 26-) to celebrate the homecoming of their sons and daughter—never have many Scottish reels been seen at an Eire ball: in fact, during the eve[ning] an Irish Scottish Reel Club was formed. Phew! Sounds almost Gree[k]

Surrey and Burstow Hunt's very
the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward
Warde, Mr. Robin Leigh-Pemberton,
Bridgeman, here chatting in a corner
that the ball was a huge success.

JAN. 3.—COLOURFUL WEDDING: Married at Durham Cathedral were the Hon. Matthew White Ridley, elder son of Viscount and Viscountess Ridley, and Lady Anne Lumley, third daughter of the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough. The bride wore white velvet and her child attendants were in white and coral-pink. The bridesmaids—Miss Laura Ridley and Lady Lily Serena Lumley—wore coral-pink with bouquets of Christmas roses and holly. Mr. William Wallace was best man.

JAN. 6.—GUESTS OF HONOUR at the Teenagers' dance: Miss Valissa Casdagli, Master Nicholas Casdagli and Contessina Tea Maggi di Gradella, daughter of Contessa May Maggi di Gradella and great-niece of Mrs. Cyril Barker.

JAN. 7.—TEDWORTH HUNT MEET AT ENHAM-ALAMEIN: The meet at Enham-Alamein, with the Village Centre for Disabled Ex-Servicemen in the background. Proceeds from the Coronation Ball and Pageant of Coronations—the distinguished committee for which is presided over by the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk—which is to be held at the Albert Hall on May 27, are to go to this Centre.

...al Diary (contd.)

DEC. 31.—New Year's Eve found one of us at Adelboden, one of the first centres of British ski-ing, and a friendly, delightfully informal little place. The vivid blue sky and lovely sun, unfortunately apt to be temperamental, were a welcome change from the dreary London fog and drizzle, and when we arrived, people were ski-ing with remarkable dexterity along the tightly-packed snow in the village street. Here the postman goes his round on a sledge pulled by a large and kindly St. Bernard, and on the nursery slopes tiny children, incredibly competent on their minute skis, hurtle downwards, cleverly avoiding the many unsteady beginners who spend much of their time floundering horizontally.

In the evening, there was a grand New Year Ball at the Nevada Palace, one of the big hotels in the place. No doubt the restricted travel allowance was having its effect, as few English people seemed to be about, but among those determined to make the most of their £25 were Mr. John and Miss Jill Ganzoni, son and daughter of Lord and Lady Belstead; Miss Rosemary Keble White, who had been for a splendid run down the Hahnenmoos that day; Mr. John and Mr. Patrick Haywood Smith; and Miss Susan Wheatley, who has done a nursing course and was much in demand for looking at bumps and bruises! Mr. and Mrs. Justin Blathwayt came along from the nearby Alpenrose Hotel, where they were staying; they have a lovely house near Chippenham. With them were Mrs. Blathwayt's daughter, Miss Jacqueline Moore, a keen rider to hounds with the Beaufort, and her three sons, Mr. Timothy Moore, who paints, Mr. Giles Moore, up at Oxford, and Simon Moore, still at Downside. They planned to trek up the valley to watch the very exciting ski-jumping the following day.

JAN. 5.—It was a bitterly cold day for the wedding of the Premier Earl of England's only niece, Miss Edwina Stanley, to Mr. John Innes at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street. The bride, who wore her great-grandmother's beautifully hand-embroidered wedding-gown, which was made of ivory-coloured satin, had her veil held in place with a diamond tiara. The bride was given away by her father, Lord Stanley of Alderley, and was attended by three bridesmaids, Miss Hilary Morris, Miss Delia Innes and Miss Belinda Cuthbert, all of whom wore most striking red satin dresses, which made a vivid contrast to the greyness of the church. Mr. David Innes, the bridegroom's brother, was the best man.

The reception was held in the magnificent ballroom on the first floor of Londonderry House, where bride and bridegroom, with their families, received the guests at the head of the lovely staircase. Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley came together, but the bride's mother, Lady Audrey Morris, whose husband is very ill in hospital, was instead most ably assisted by Mr. Alan Morris who, with Mr. Adrian Garnett, acted as usher.

The Boylans invite their equestrian friends to
An Old Fashioned Hunt Breakfast Party
On 30th December

On Thirty December take heed,
You must mount on your Foxhunting steed,
For at Hilltown Hounds meet
So give us a treat,
A Stirrup Cup waits those in Need.

All those who will follow the Chase,
We invite to come in and take place
At Hunt Breakfast at seven,
Coach or Chaise at eleven,
Or later if dawn you can face.

One condition we make for this feast,
You must come dressed as Beauty or Beast
As Nymph or as Clown or in fact any gown
That discloses identity least.
Come here in your deepest disguise
And perhaps you may take home a Prize
With Christmas Good Cheer
We will Welcome you here
And no doubt we shall get a surprise.

R.S.V.P. — *Hilltown, Drogheda, Co. Meath*

Arrangements for changing, etc.
Hunt Breakfast and Party, 7 p.m

The invitation in verse from the Boylans.

Mrs. Edward Boylan (the hostess), who dressed as a parlourmaid and served the hunt breakfast, waits on Miss Mary Shirley, a member of the Louths.

Brigadier Edward Boylan, Keeper of the Match Book (the host), was wine waiter to his guests at the hunt breakfast and fancy-dress ball at Hilltown.

"Well Met" by the Boylans

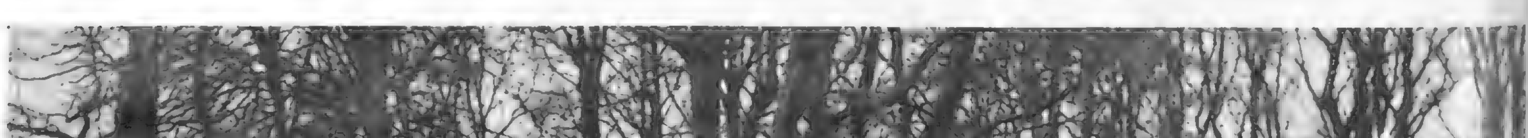
Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Charles C. Fennell.

When the Boylans of Hilltown, Drogheda, Co. Meath, invited their friends to an Old-Fashioned Hunt Breakfast Party on December 30, the invitation was in verse and many guests responded in the same vein. From one witty friend came an ode of thanks, ending on this whimsical note:

"... To be counted once more in the ranks
Of equestrian friends,
Who will hold up their ends
Over hedges and ditches and banks."

The hunt breakfast and fancy-dress party followed a lawn meet of the Louth Foxhounds at the Boylan home, and was a huge success. Brigadier Boylan, dressed as a wine waiter and aided by Mrs. Boylan and daughter Ann, assiduously attended the wants of his delighted guests. The "tailpiece" of another rhyming acceptance is a typical and fitting tribute from all the guests to their Hilltown hosts:

"... such Christmas Good Cheer
And a welcome so clear,
At Hilltown could never surprise."



Some of the eighty riders who made up the biggest field ever, when the Louth Foxhounds met at Hilltown, Drogheda, Co. Meath. Twelve hunts were represented at the meet, which was a memorable occasion.

Miss Ann Boylan, daughter of Brigadier Edward Boylan, chatting with Mr. B. Reynolds before setting out for the Hilltown meet on December 30.

Sir Patrick and Lady Herdman, followers of the Meath Foxhounds, with Mr. Nesbit Waddington, manager of the Aga Khan's Irish Stud at the Curragh.

Mrs. Peter Roche, a member of the Co. Wexford Foxhounds, is amused at the efforts of Miss May Hoskins, a member of the Louths, as she puffs rather suspiciously at a pipe.

Mr. Dick Kelly, of the Ward Union Staghounds, jokes with Mrs. Hall-Watt, of the Westmeath Hunt.

The Earl of Fingall, a former Master of the Ward Union, judged the fancy-dress costumes with Lady Herdman.

Mr. Brian McCartney Filgate with Wing-Commander Tim Vigors, who hunts with the Kildare and Co. Tipperary Hounds, and Mrs. Denis Baggalley.

TALKING OF TELEVISION — By CYRIL BUTCHER

TV AND OUTRUN FILMS

THE most extraordinary situation has developed which is quite worthy of the mockery of a present-day Gilbert. For a long time now, sponsored television and any sort of advertising in radio have been heartburning topics of controversy. Do you remember the row that flared up, some months ago, when someone inadvertently showed a close-up of a patent mechanical razor? It was a piece of production ineptitude, pure and simple, and quite unworthy of the storm of gloomy forecasts that this was the thin edge of a wedge which might easily split asunder the sanctity of British television.

What the exact letter is of the B.B.C. law which forbids the inclusion of advertising matter in its programmes we do not know. But it strikes us that the spirit of that law has been stretched a little too far. In the past, when television was looked upon with apathy and a certain amount of misplaced patronage, it was often hard to persuade celebrities and top-ranking artists to appear in it. The service was kept desperately short of cash, so it was impossible to make it interesting.

In fact, producers of magazine programmes like *Kaleidoscope* and *Picture Page* were expected to recruit their talent largely on an "expenses" basis. The other lure was the Genteel Plug. You might not be able to pay star players an adequate fee, but it would still be worth their while to appear if they could casually mention that they had just finished a certain film, or were about to go into such-and-such a play. Similarly, famous authors allowed themselves to be persuaded, on the understanding that the title of their latest novel was brought into the conversation. Well, that sort of thing did no one any harm and certainly television benefited by being able to bring interesting personalities to the viewer; which otherwise would not have been possible.

But nowadays this sort of thing is becoming a farce. As far as we know, the B.B.C. is still not setting up as an advertising agency; but what do we see? Excerpts from ice shows, pantomimes, West End plays (special performance given in front of an invited audience). Managers who once fought shy of anything remotely to do with television now fight to get excerpts from their shows televised. For why? Because the reaction on the box-office is immediate and most gratifying. And how much does the manager pay to have his show plugged like this? Here's the joke: he doesn't. The B.B.C. pay a quite adequate fee for the privilege, because it is considered to be of "programme interest."

To give them their due, the managers are showing a growing tendency to give *quid pro quo.* That is—with one or two notable exceptions—they are prepared to let artists, under contract to them, appear whenever possible and to be easier about the television rights of their "properties."

But when we turn to the Gentlemen Who Make And Distribute Films, the picture is less happy. They, too, get thousands of pounds'-worth of free advertising in the fortnightly *Current Release.* Not only free, but we believe we are right in saying that the excerpts from the various films are all paid for by the B.B.C. Could anything be more Gilbertian?

And do these Gentlemen Who Make And Distribute Films repay the B.B.C. with generous, warm-hearted co-operation? Excuse us while we laugh daintily up our sleeve. Up to the time of writing the policy has been that not a foot, not an inch of commercial film shall be shown on television until it is so old that it practically falls to pieces. Recently, you may have read, there have been "exploratory" talks between the B.B.C. and these same G.W.M.A.D.F. Our inside information cannot report success. All the B.B.C. asked for was a series of pictures which had outrun their general release—between one and two years old—for which they were prepared to pay a fee of plus or minus £1,000. The idea was that a weekly film would ease the congestion on the overworked studios, an idea which, apparently, has also had a cool reception.

So be it. Television has held out the hand of friendship to the film industry. It has even put on a rattling bad programme as earnest of its goodwill. If the hand is spurned, then the answer is obviously to forget about the *entente* until the next move comes from the other side, to forget about films and stick to television.

In the meantime the one practical step would be to withdraw *Current Release.* We find it (*a*) boring to a degree; (*b*) grossly flattering to often indifferent pictures; (*c*) nothing to do with television; and (*d*) an incitement to the G.W.M.A.D.F. to believe that selfishness pays.

So while we are at the height of our critical indignation, let us pounce on the new panel show *Down You Go.* For a moment it seemed as if this would prove an intelligent and enjoyable programme. But only for a moment. For, the next, it seemed as if it had not had one single rehearsal and became a shambles. Perhaps future programmes will be better. If they are to be, may we invite Leslie Jackson, the producer, to pull up his socks, and Marcus Dick, the chairman, to remember that the superiority of the Balliol man is supposed to be "effortless," not strained to breaking-point?

Immediately prior to this debacle, we had been put in the most generous and cosy mood by a delightful play, by a delightful performance, and by a series of delightful character-studies by supporting players. The play came from N. C. Hunter, was called *The Affair at Assino,* and was an example of good story-telling, shrewd character-drawing and beautiful dialogue-writing. The performance was provided by Robert Eddison as a cultured, fastidious officer in Mussolini's Fascisti, who is detailed to lead a punitive expedition against an Italian village which has managed to insult the Minister of the Interior. The delight of the character-studies was chiefly due to Sebastian Cabot as the Mayor of unfortunate Assino, to Hector Ross, as the second-in-command of the punitive expedition, determined to make a thorough job of it, and to Daphne Slater playing—as Noël Coward puts it—a rather "rowdy nun, who resented it."

Apart from that we thoroughly enjoyed *Markheim,* an adaptation by Winston Clewes of R. L. Stevenson's short story, with a fine performance by Douglas Wilmer and an imaginative production by Messrs. Christian Simpson and Tony Richardson. On the other hand, we were hideously bored by *Count Your Blessings,* a *soit-disant* comedy by Ronald Jeans, featuring what on paper looked like a first-rate cast.

WOT! NO BINOMIAL BLUES?

I want you to examine, please,
The senior Universities,
And why they never seem to tussle
With anything but brawn and muscle,
And whether they can well explain,
The lack of contests for the brain.

Their competition is revealed,
Upon the purely sporting field;
Their azure and their cobalt swords
Are crossed at Twickenham and Lord's,
And never exercised at all
In Common Room or Lecture Hall.

Consummate helmsmanship and crewery,
They use to get to Mortlake Brewery;
But never try in Cantonese
To argue the humanities,
Or cap quotations with a bit
Of brittle Ciceronian wit.

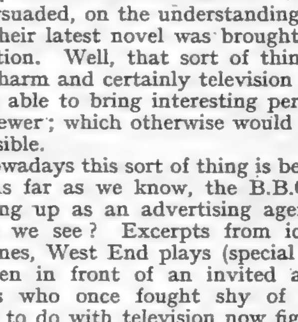
Why not a bunch of learned Dons
Debating perispomenons?
Why should the populace not hear 'em
Embroiled in the Binomial Theorem,
Or solving by some cunning ruse
The square on the hypotenuse?

They should award a Blue diploma
For aptness in declaiming Homer,
Or for a wrangle over the
Dark realms of Relativity. . .
I think the system needs revision;
It would look well on Television.

C. E. B. WHITE

Introducing . . .

VIII. RONALD WALDMAN



To make it easier to get our facts right, we usually borrow a "biography" of the subject from the B.B.C., before setting out on this introductory feature. In Ronnie Waldman's case—who, you probably know, is Head of Television Light Entertainment—we would like to quote from the two sheets of flimsy typescript which is supposed to tell us all about him.

Under the heading of "Personal" it says. "Is a fascinating talker, and knowledgeable on most topics. Is a Londoner, dark, always well dressed." Nothing to complain of there—terse, crisp, highly accurate and to the point. It omits to say that Ronnie talks fascinatingly about everything except his real self. He'll talk like mad, but you won't be much wiser at the end about what makes him tick over. Perhaps another quotation from the same document may be more illuminating. It goes like this:

Education: 1919-1925, L.C.C. Elementary School. 1925-1932, Owen's School, Islington. 1932-1935, Pembroke College, Oxford. Senior History Scholar, Pembroke College, B.A. (Hons.) Degree, and subsequently M.A. Degree in History.

All right, let's leave his background at that (there was a certain amount of R.A.F. activity during the war as well). Now for his personal ambition.

"It couldn't be more easy to tell you," he said, "and it couldn't be more difficult to achieve. My ambition is to set British light entertainment back on the great pinnacle it occupied at the turn of the century. Meanwhile my job is to provide popular entertainment for the 'popular' viewer. I try to give it to him—at a better standard than he expects."

A hard road, Ronnie. But good luck in your efforts—and best wishes for your forthcoming marriage.

Watching Brief

DON'T forget to-morrow night (January 15)—and again on January 19—you'll be able to see Humperdinck's opera *Hansel and Gretel,* with Gertrude Holt and Marion Studholme in the title-rôles. Edmund Donlevy, Kate Jackson and Sheila Rex complete the cast. Conductor, Charles MacKerras.

* * *

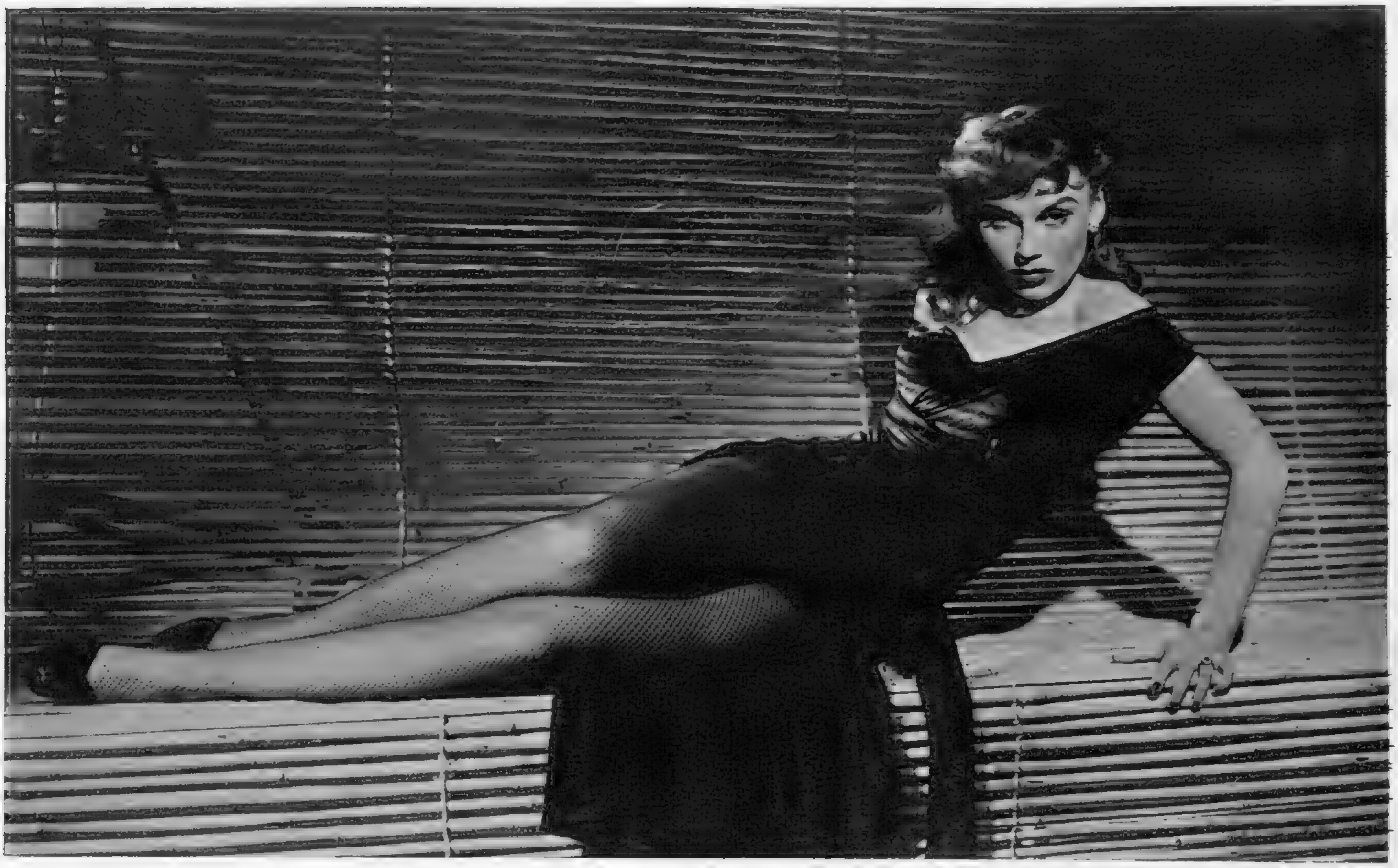
January 17 will see the first of three Henry Hall programmes, over which a shroud of mystery seems to hang at the moment.

* * *

Drama, as usual, has a mixed bag. Pulling one or two out at random, we find, January 18, *Whistling in the Dark,* a comedy-thriller by Edward Charles Carpenter and Laurence Gross; an adaptation of a Tchekov short story, by Nigel Kneale, *Curtain Down,* on January 21; and the first instalment of a new serial thriller by Eric Maschwitz, *The Little Red Monkey,* on January 24.

* * *

Apart from that, our spies have little of pulse-quickening interest to report.



Shapely, sultry Diana Decker can be seen in *It Started in Paris*, now on general release.

"SUGAR AND SPICE . . ."

Lovely Susan Hayward co-stars with Gregory Peck and Ava Gardner in *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, at the Leicester Square Theatre.

A wide-eyed beauty from Hungary is Eva Bartok, who plays opposite Richard Todd in *Venetian Bird*, now on general release.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

Hans Christian Andersen

(Carlton)

AS you may have heard, Sam Goldwyn's "fairy tale about the great spinner of fairy-tales" has not been rapturously received in Hans Andersen's own country. There is nothing particularly surprising in this. It is hardly likely that the Danes would have jumped for joy at a fictitious Hollywood picture about their national hero, performed by Danny Kaye, embellished with more than fifteen minutes of smart Paris ballet, and modern American tunes by the composer of *Guys and Dolls*. Nor, from what one knows of the Danes, would it seem probable they would appreciate the new lyrical version of *The Emperor's New Clothes*, beginning "*The King was in the altogether, the altogether, the altogether. . . .*"

But, *pace* Alfred, Lord Tennyson, who observed, if you remember—

> Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
> But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,

I don't think British picturegoers will necessarily share this attitude. In my own case, to be quite candid, I much prefer this fairy-tale about Hans Andersen to Hans Andersen's fairy-tales. These were always too cruel for me. As a child I was frightened of them. As a grown-up, I am still chilled by them.

There is nothing chilling about Sam Goldwyn's picture, which swings along from story to song, in gay, clear Technicolor, with magnificent ease and flexibility. To be sure, the ballet of the Little Mermaid ends tragically, but it is so superbly danced by Roland Petit and his bright particular star, Jeanmaire, and is so much a thing out of this world, that nobody except a rabid balletophobe could possibly find it painful.

Jeanmaire, in her first picture, proves herself a fascinating actress as well as a dancer, and the score is rich in catchy numbers that are already becoming popular on the radio. As to the choice of Danny Kaye to play Hans Andersen, it was odd, but, in my opinion, admirable. You will meet quite a new kind of Danny Kaye in this picture. He seems to have scaled his performance down to the capacity of the very little people who surround him. He never exaggerates once, in voice, facial expression or gesture. The impression he gives is that of a kind and gentle uncle telling bedtime stories to an entranced nursery circle.

It takes a great artist, and an unselfish one, to play so tactfully with children. And if the little boy who inspires the story of *The Ugly Duckling*, and the little girl who incites Hans Andersen to make up the tiny romance of *Thumbelina*, have been chosen with immense skill and wonderfully directed, it still needs a man to hold the film together. In Danny Kaye they seem to have found the right man, and if he has surprised his fans by tiptoeing through *Hans Christian Andersen*, he never puts a toe down wrong.

The One-piece Bathing Suit

(Empire)

PICTUREGOERS of riper years may remember the appearance of Annette Kellerman, champion swimmer and aqua-show queen, in a moving picture of silent days called *Daughter of the Gods*. Now, in a much showier screen aqua-show, Technicolored and streamlined, another star swimmer, Esther Williams, recalls part of the Kellerman story.

The piece was called *Million-Dollar Mermaid* in America. The British title for once seems smarter. For it was Miss Kellerman's man's racing bathing suit, almost as much as her swimming, that brought her celebrity. This essentially practical garment passed without comment in her native Australia, where she became amateur free-style champion of New South Wales, and in England, where she swam twenty-six miles down the Thames as a carnival exploitation stunt for a boxing kangaroo.

But on the select beach of Boston, New England, young ladies did not appear with their arms and legs uncovered in the first decade of the present century. When Annette Kellerman flouted convention by doing so, she was promptly arrested for indecent exposure, and alert showmen queued up to get her signature on the dotted line. The engagement she chose was the top spot in a water spectacle at New York's famous Hippodrome.

This is the climax of a handsome, lavish, cheerfully splashy entertainment for aqua-show addicts, with Walter Pidgeon and Victor Mature on hand to support Miss Williams, the most radiant amphibian in Hollywood captivity.

The Man Who Watched Trains Go By

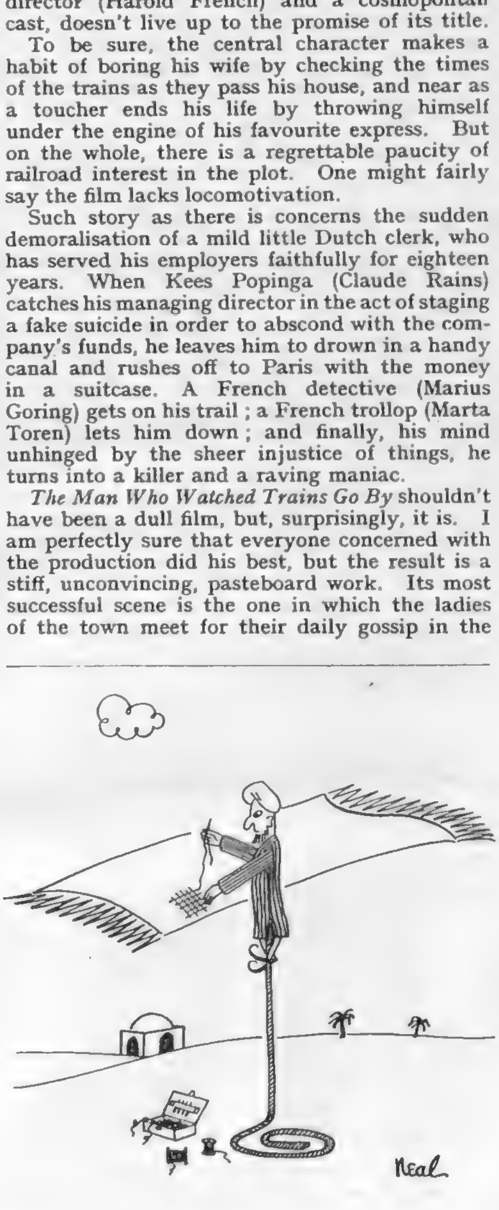
(Gaumont)

TRAINS are always effective on the screen, like running water or running horses. Unfortunately this British film, based on a thriller by Georges Simenon, with an English director (Harold French) and a cosmopolitan cast, doesn't live up to the promise of its title.

To be sure, the central character makes a habit of boring his wife by checking the times of the trains as they pass his house, and near as a toucher ends his life by throwing himself under the engine of his favourite express. But on the whole, there is a regrettable paucity of railroad interest in the plot. One might fairly say the film lacks locomotivation.

Such story as there is concerns the sudden demoralisation of a mild little Dutch clerk, who has served his employers faithfully for eighteen years. When Kees Popinga (Claude Rains) catches his managing director in the act of staging a fake suicide in order to abscond with the company's funds, he leaves him to drown in a handy canal and rushes off to Paris with the money in a suitcase. A French detective (Marius Goring) gets on his trail; a French trollop (Marta Toren) lets him down; and finally, his mind unhinged by the sheer injustice of things, he turns into a killer and a raving maniac.

The Man Who Watched Trains Go By shouldn't have been a dull film, but, surprisingly, it is. I am perfectly sure that everyone concerned with the production did his best, but the result is a stiff, unconvincing, pasteboard work. Its most successful scene is the one in which the ladies of the town meet for their daily gossip in the park. Its most engaging performer is Anouk—grown into a very tall and willowy miss—but there isn't half enough of her.



Botany Bay

(Plaza)

HOLLYWOOD'S *Botany Bay* is a red-blooded, grim affair. Its story is by Nordhoff and Hall, authors of *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *Hurricane*. The location of the seascape has changed a bit, but the plot is not unlike that of *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

Most of the film is taken up with an account of the voyage of a great sailing ship, commanded by a ruthless captain, taking his cargo of convicts to Australia. Like the voyage of the *Bounty*, it is enlivened by floggings, keel-haulings, and death through neglect.

Alan Ladd is the impassive sufferer as the young doctor, wrongly convicted, who eventually finds new life and hope in Australia. James Mason is the inhuman captain who dies on a Maori spear, because he has ordered his boys to open fire on the natives. Both are experienced film actors, but Mr. Ladd is not Clark Gable, and Mr. Mason is not Charles Laughton; nor has their grim story the balance provided in *Mutiny on the Bounty* by the paradise islands where Christian and his mutineers found a haven, nor the epic feat of seamanship in an open boat which redeemed Captain Bligh.

The most they have to gain is the person of the lady played by Patricia Medina, who has clearly never been taught that to slink across the decks of a convict ship in a very low-cut gown is positively to advertise for trouble. The only hint of higher motives is contained in the prologue, which explains that these convicts were transplanted by the unjust laws of England and will soon turn Australia into one of our greatest democracies.

Botany Bay is too violent for my taste, but the story moves, the colour is often striking, and the way Mr. Ladd just stands and cheerfully takes whatever comes to him is something to be gaped at and admired.

The Crimson Pirate

(Warner)

DON'T imagine that *The Crimson Pirate* (made in Europe by an American company) is a fine, rousing, pirate melodrama in the tradition of *Captain Blood* and *The Black Swan*. A lot of people have talked as though it were, but its makers have never fostered this delusion.

They said, if I remember rightly, that the unsophisticated would find it exciting and the sophisticated would be able to share the joke. In fact, it hasn't worked out quite like that. So far as I can discover, the highbrows haven't been hooked, and the film's chief advertisement is that small boys find it smashing.

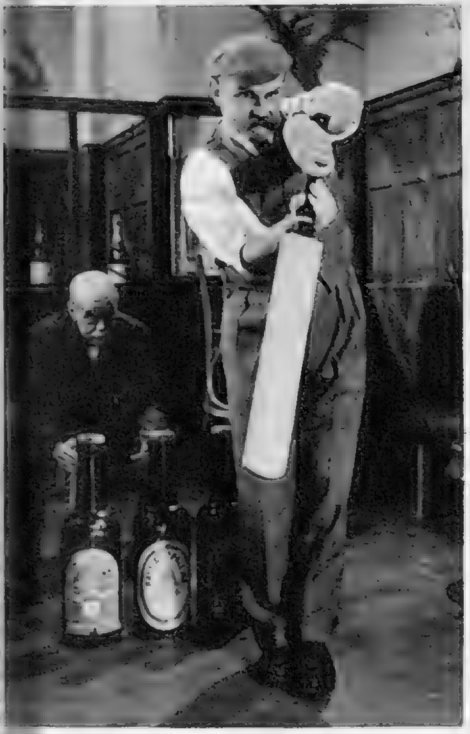
The Crimson Pirate is a boisterous burlesque, more reminiscent of Bob Hope than Douglas Fairbanks. It tells a complicated story about a tyrannical governor and a sketchy resistance group in some Caribbean island. The beautiful daughter of the local patriot enlists the help of Burt Lancaster, who is a Good Pirate. He is hampered by Bad Pirates, who think Good Pirates are letting down the brotherhood, but triumphs in the end with the help of James Hayter, as a professor who rapidly invents T.N.T., an aerial balloon and a submarine for the occasion.

Mr. Lancaster, you may remember, was once a professional acrobat and was widely advertised in *The Flame and the Arrow* as "doing his own deeds of daring." Here, too, he leaps very merrily from crag to battlement, and swings from mast to mast with his engaging grin unshaken. *The Crimson Pirate* is a highly-coloured film in every sense, and can hardly be faulted in point of speed and gusto. It all adds up to jolly entertainment, but I can't help sighing for the good old days when the skull and crossbones were taken seriously, and Captain Hook could produce a sneer and a double stamp in a green limelight, with utter magniloquence and without a qualm.

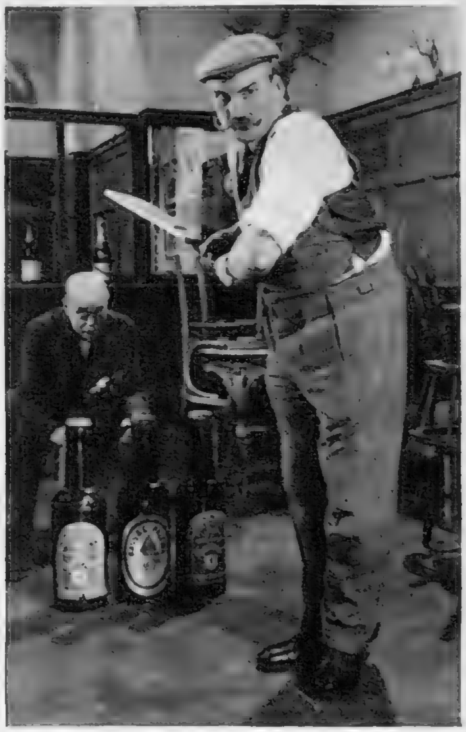
1. "*Un peu* inclined to off," says Jimmy Edwards, beginning the oddest-ever lesson in cricket. After telling his fellow-passengers that they must get to know the *real* Paris, Jimmy spends his time teaching a Frenchman England's national sport in the Britannia Bar, where barman, beer, bacon and eggs are all unexceptionably English.

2. "And ziss," beams our hero, *entente cordiale* oozing from every pore, "is ze ball!" This seems plain enough, but two minutes later Jimmy tells the bewildered Frenchman the thing 's a googly. He holds the bat with Gallic finesse, but Jimmy greets his efforts with horror and rushes to show him the error of his foreign ways.

3. "Clumsy clot!" wails Jimmy, as his apprehensive pupil (Maurice Baquet) contorts himself in an effort to follow instructions. "Place ze *droit* hand *là*—so!" Jimmy is patient, determined and filled with missionary zeal. The Frenchman is filled with square legs and silly mid-ons; begins to think the whole thing 's silly, anyway.



4. "Keep a straight bat," commands the expert, "and watch your feet. Weight on ze back foot," he elucidates, but it 's all as clear as mud to the Frenchman. Wait on *what*? The bat is inscribed with the names of famous cricketers, who would all be startled to see the wickets and the players.



5. "Elbows in line with ze ball," says the Professor, "weight still on ze back foot." The poor Frenchman is waiting still on *both* feet. He is convinced this Englishman is mad—why, *mon Dieu!* his conversation has been of such a foolishness—three short legs, indeed! He bowls, and Jimmy slaps it back.

6. "Six of the best! Sorry about the *fenêtre*, old man!" Perhaps it is time to conclude the lesson? The Frenchman has thought so for quite a while, *mais toujours la politesse du monde*. And now Jimmy must have ze pint *de plus grande*—this side of Paris is quite real enough for Edwards!

INNOCENTS IN PARIS

Innocents in Paris is the story of twenty-four hours in the lives of a plane-load of passengers from Northolt who, for the most part, are making their first trip to that gay city. Romance in this film is supplied by Claire Bloom and Claude Dauphin; Jimmy Edwards spreads English culture with bat and ball; Margaret Rutherford sells a painting to a rich American in search of French Art; whilst Alastair Sim, as an Under-Secretary of State, gets a Russian delegate to sign his name to a draft agreement written on the tablecloth in the final stages of drinking his Iron Curtain companion under the table. British humour at its best, with a background of Gay Paree.

THE WORLD OF MOTORING

By WILLIAM HARTLEY

Coronation Year Models Under Test

1—THE RENAULT "750"

THE little Renault "750" is a small car that has gained a reputation for itself and gathered quite a collection of really enthusiastic owners. It was, therefore, with keen anticipation that I went to the works to collect a car for a few days' trial. To be honest, I describe myself as a big-car man, having been more or less brought up among heavy, high-powered jobs, and thus I always tend to view these very small ones with a certain amount of doubt! I knew it would be interesting to see how the use of the Renault appealed to me and to what extent it would overcome this initial bias.

To describe the car first. One must give credit for neat and effective looks, the general outline being more or less conventional, in spite of the special layout of the units. The engine is at the rear, mounted aft of the rear axle, with the gearbox forward of the axle. This, so far as the owner is concerned, means a really low level floor. The engine, too, is very accessible indeed through the hinged lid of what might have been the boot. The luggage, obviously, is now carried at the front end, under what might have been the bonnet, there being quite a surprising amount of space available. This compartment, by the way, also carries the spare wheel, which is thus readily available.

The suspension is independent on all four wheels by coil springs with, of course, shock-absorbers. Brakes are the excellent Lockheed Hydraulic.

The body is a four-door with separate front seats which have useful rug-rails on the back of them. The room in the back is, naturally, somewhat restricted, but trying it out on friends showed me that the head and knee room was quite adequate for average-sized adults, which is all you can ask. The front seats are firm and steady, but I would have liked just a little more comfort for myself. The interior trim I found to be clean, neat and serviceable.

The gear-lever is mounted centrally on the floor, comes readily to hand, and performs its function easily and positively. Hand-brake, too, comes well to hand, and I very much liked the light-switch, which also combines the horn-button. This is mounted on an outrigger from the steering column and is as neat an arrangement as I have struck for these two necessities.

The Renault "750" reviewed on this page.

Pedals I found at first rather cramped together and a little too much to the left as far as the accelerator was concerned; but here I admit I very soon became accustomed to the arrangement and I suffered no discomfort.

The engine being at the rear, one is liable to expect the front of the car to be cold, no normal engine warmth coming through to the feet. The makers have thought of this and there are fitted permanent ducts which pass warmed air through two small vents close to the front doors. These are fitted with lids to seal off when not wanted. There is also a blind fitted to the radiator and adjustable quite readily to keep the engine temperature to an efficient level. That's a good thing, indeed. I think I would have liked a thermometer to tell me the temperature, as with the engine out of sight one would not get a visual warning from steam should any water shortage occur . . . but the makers have fitted an automatic warning light that comes on in such conditions, so they have forestalled me there again. All rather typical of the thought that has gone into this car!

It is when you drive this Renault on the road that you really begin to see why the enthusiasts enthuse so much. For its size, the engine really does give out a plentiful and almost remarkable amount of power. Acceleration is good and a maximum well into the sixties perfectly usable. The speed in second gear is noteworthy, up towards the forty mark . . . and that is very handy indeed. During my few days with the car, I suffered a good deal of snow and ice, and actually had to spend three hours being almost the last car across a Cotswold route before snow finally closed the road for a day or two, so my petrol figures were not much of a guide. But I did make a special check on two gallons with normal use, and it came out at very nearly 50 miles to the gallon, which, considering the power output, is very good indeed.

I must dwell on the general handiness of the car and the excellence of the springing. The steering lock is so good that I surprised myself more than once with the ability to turn in narrow roads—and the handy way in which I could nip about in heavy traffic was most useful. Parking in busy towns takes on a much less troublesome aspect, too. Now after the snow had lain for some days, the road back across the Cotswolds was very tricky. There were great ridges and lumps of hard snow, pounded by lorries into fantastic shapes, presenting a vile surface to run on. The independent springing on this little Renault enabled me to get over this faster than any car I saw and with comparative comfort. On normal roads, the riding is smooth and yet firm and steady, either fully laden or solo.

Yes, I had become quite a convert to the tiny car by the time I had to take it back to the Renault works. She performed well on all I asked her to do. Of economy, I had proof. Of general road-holding and stability and handiness, ample evidence. Of accessibility, nothing but praise. To complain about the front seats and perhaps the foot-controls would be the most I could do; and in fairness, I must add that these points became almost forgotten as the days passed by. Perhaps I was awkward and clumsy—or merely starting off with a prejudice against these little cars. Anyway, I was sorry to part with the car when my time was up. For economical hard work as a small family saloon, the Renault "750" seems to me to offer a most excellent choice, with some noteworthy features.

This and That

HAS there ever been such a daring demonstration of the capabilities of a really new car as has happened with the new Humber *Super Snipe*, with its Blue Riband engine? I doubt it, because to announce spectacular runs *after* they have been done is one thing, but to undertake them in the full glare of publicity is another. With the Capitals trip of Stirling Moss and his team, and the Cape and back performance of Hinchliffe both going on at the same time, the Rootes concern are to be congratulated on their confidence and their achievement and, most certainly, upon the car itself.

* * *

The Monte Carlo Rally is upon us. I see that Alvis have come into the field, and pleasing that is too. They have a ladies' team that stands well to pick some prizes. Mind you, there is a great element of luck in this Rally. More than one prize has been lost by some misfortune quite beyond the control of driver, crew or car. All we can hope is that the fates will be kind to the British cars and drivers, because they represent a very fine collection. They have everything necessary to sweep the board . . . and that, of course, is necessary, apart from the luck element.

* * *

This reminds me that we've nearly all had a taste of the sort of driving that Rally competitors must expect—on ice and snow. And it is in these conditions that many who might perhaps have fancied themselves as drivers begin to realise just how skilful the Monte Carlo competitors must be. I was out a good deal in the snow and ice and I must comment that it shows up a good many drivers, and not to their advantage. What it did do was to show me just how good the average van or lorry driver really is, and also such men as the Post Office drivers in the little red vans out in the country. I'm not thinking of such things as road manners, but of their skill in handling the vehicles. They get constant practice, I know, but skill they have, undoubtedly. There must be plenty of talent available if anyone is looking for embryo rally drivers!

* * *

So here we are in the New Year, which without doubt will be the most exciting year motoring has had so far. New petrol, new taxation, a buyers' market . . . all sorts of things to interest us. The sporting world will bring out new cars and engines and, perhaps, drivers; and new tracks, too, and new events and competitions. Watch it unfold as the months go by and be sure that 1953 will be memorable for our motoring in every sphere.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO

by Norah Owen

RAINING AGAIN!

"If I take my umbrella it may not rain!" But it is raining again, and it is wise to button oneself into Burberry's classic wool-lined raincoat in proofed gaberdine, from a range of gay colours, price £15 18s. 5d. Its matching deerstalker cap costs £3 3s. 4d. The brightly-checked umbrella is from Susan, New Bond Street.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Keith Ewart.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

RAINING AGAIN !

Left : A proofed gaberdine belted coat, with knitted ribbing for collar and wristbands, all in a natural shade. It has a matching jelly-bag cap, with ribbing to grip the head. Both are by Paul Blanche, and come from Dickins and Jones, price £10 19s. 6d.

This raincoat in light-blue gaberdine is high-buttoned, with tight cuffs to keep the rain out. It also has a detachable woolly lining to keep the warmth in on really rough and wintry days. By Dannimac, it costs 17 gns. from Bourne and Hollingsworth.

A belted raincoat, in proofed poplin, high-buttoning, in cheerful shades. With its tight-fitting wristbands and detachable hood, it keeps one dry in the worst storm. By Valstar, this will be available shortly at Robinson and Cleaver, price approximately 8 gns.

Our old friend the mackintosh, looking very merry in rubberised Moygashel linen, in pale blue and other shades. It has a matching little cap to keep the head dry, and buttons high to the neck. Price 69s. 6d., from Bourne and Hollingsworth.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

ELEGANT ECONOMY

A glamorous mackintosh for town wear, in gleaming plastic material, the seams of which are welded and not stitched, for additional strength. The coat is entirely reversible, in black and blue and other shades, with a little pull-on cap, and is suitable for the most formal occasion. A Libranese coat, it is available at D. H. Evans, at the reasonable price of 59s. 11d.

THE TOGA IN 1953

As Cæsar's wife in the forthcoming M.-G.-M. film of Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* (John Gielgud plays Cassius, which suggests the Bard will suffer less than normally at the hands of Hollywood), beautiful Greer Garson is undoubtedly "above reproach." But there is a distinctly modern touch about the Roman fashion the lovely actress wears in our picture ! Could it be the subtle influence of Coronation Year which inspired the jewelled cape and flowing train ?

A SHOPPING TREASURE HUNT

By Susan Carr

WHY is it that whenever one is in a particular hurry the cap on the bottle or tin—the contents of which are essential to the meal—refuses to unscrew. It is always happening to me. After frenzied and ineffectual tugs at the offending tin or bottle I hand it to my husband, who unscrews the thing in a trice and returns it with a patient, rather superior smile. I know that one can fall back on other remedies, for instance, heating the screw cap, but this always alarms me when it is stuck on the top of a glass jar! Anyway, I now positively look forward to being faced with an obstinate screw seal, thanks to "Unduit," which is a simple but most effective gadget. Two pieces of metal, one with a serrated edge, form a V-shape on another piece of metal which is screwed on to a wall or door at about waist-height. It is very simple to fix, and once in position will release the toughest screw cap on almost any bottle or tin. Mine was in constant use at Christmas.

* * *

How grateful I was to my mother, who produced one of the most successful Christmas presents the children have ever had. We enjoyed hours of unexpected peace and quiet while they were happily occupied with "Brickplayer." It is a brick and mortar kit with which a child can build houses, garages, railway stations, signal-boxes or anything else. But, and this is the particular joy, the miniature scale bricks are "cemented" together with a substance which forms a permanent joint. However, the building may be dismantled by merely soaking in water and the bricks used again and again.

* * *

If you are interested in dressmaking but not sufficiently expert to avoid the "home-made" look, I can recommend you, if you live in or near London, to take a course of classes in Chelsea at a place which is not a school for training professional dressmakers, but provides an opportunity for amateurs to learn the secrets of *haute couture*. You may do some of the work in the workrooms under supervision and some in your own home. If you are already an experienced home dressmaker you can go to Jocelyn Richardson for any part of the making with which you have difficulty, or for fittings only. The scale of charges depends on whether you have individual tuition or share a class with one or two other pupils. In addition to her usual lessons, Jocelyn Richardson now does a short course of six classes of two hours each. If you aren't free to go during the day, evening classes can be arranged.

One of the simplest but most effective ways of decorating a nursery or child's bedroom is with transfers. They can be made to adhere to any surface merely by damping the gummed side, and after an interval of thirty seconds they are placed in position and rubbed gently down. Any amount of washing will not affect them and they are fadeless and will endure, if necessary, for years. They can equally well be put on furniture in the nursery, or on lampshades, and so on. The designs cover innumerable subjects and the colours are excellent. For children the same firm make sets of coloured gummed paper shapes and puzzles, which are very inexpensive and provide the means of creating a great variety of patterns and designs. There are also gummed paper craft models; one set makes an excellent theatre model which can be staged with "people" from the other sets.

* * *

A manicure aid which is just arriving in the shops is a self-contained cuticle pen which removes cuticle tissue and nicotine stains. The cuticle remover, which is enriched with lanolin, is in a plastic container which has a specially shaped "nib." One drop of the cream is released on to the nail, by squeezing the barrel of the "pen," and this is then worked round the cuticle. After washing the nails in warm water they are ready for polish. Talking of polish, I notice that Peggy Sage has just introduced two new shades, "Brown Orchid" and "Night Flight," for wear with muted greys and greens.

* * *

My tailpiece puts any blankets into the luxury class while prolonging their life. It is satin edge blanket binding, folded ready for use, which can be bought by the yard, or on a card containing a 4½-yard length.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It

"Unduit": 3s. 3d.; at branches of J. W. Carpenter, Ltd., also other ironmongers and large stores. "Brickplayer" building kits: Kit 3, 28s. 6d., Kit 4, 52s. 6d. etc.; Gamages, Hamleys and Selfridges. Jocelyn Richardson's dressmaking classes: about 10s. an hour, but charges vary according to your requirements; write to 34a, Elizabeth Street, Eaton Square, S.W.1, or telephone Sloane 5655. Butterfly Brand wallpaper transfers: 4s. a set; gummed paper crafts: from 7½d. to 2s. 6d. a box; from Boots, W. H. Smith, etc. "Cutipen" cuticle remover: 3s. 6d. and refills, 1s. 9d.; at the Civil Service Stores. Satin edge blanket binding: 1s. a yard, or 4s. 6d. a card; at Pontings and other stores.

Drawn by Peter Arno. Reproduced by courtesy of Robert Hale.

"She's sort of a secretary. With the new tax set-up, I figure she's only costing me 6d. in the pound."

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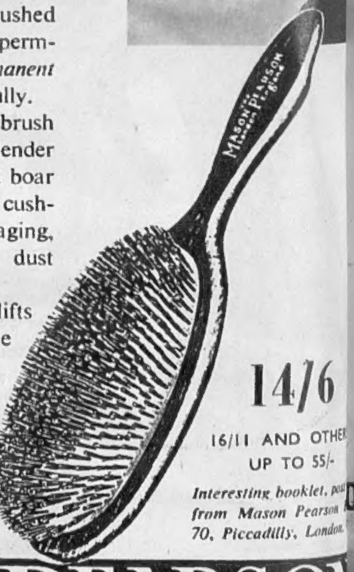

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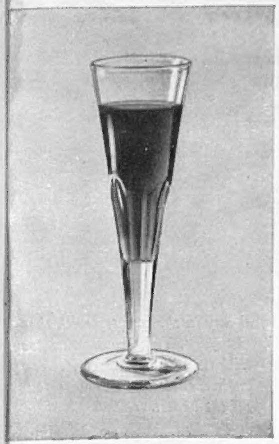

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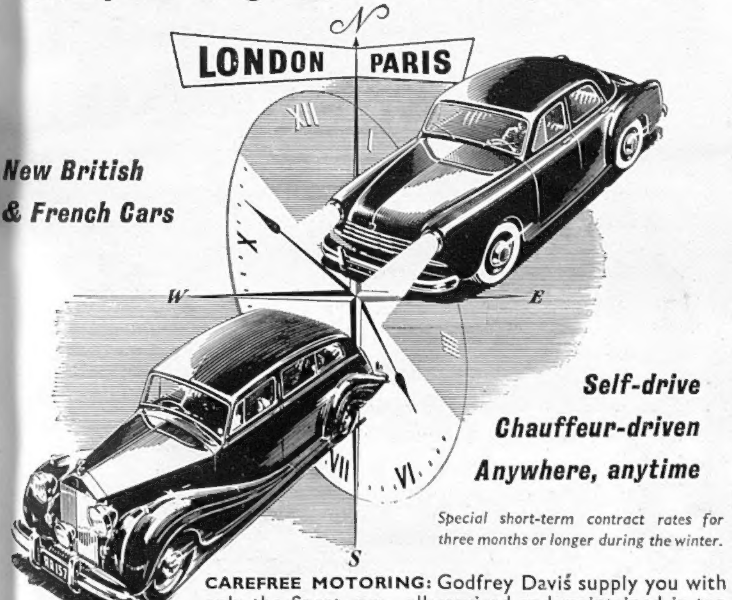

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